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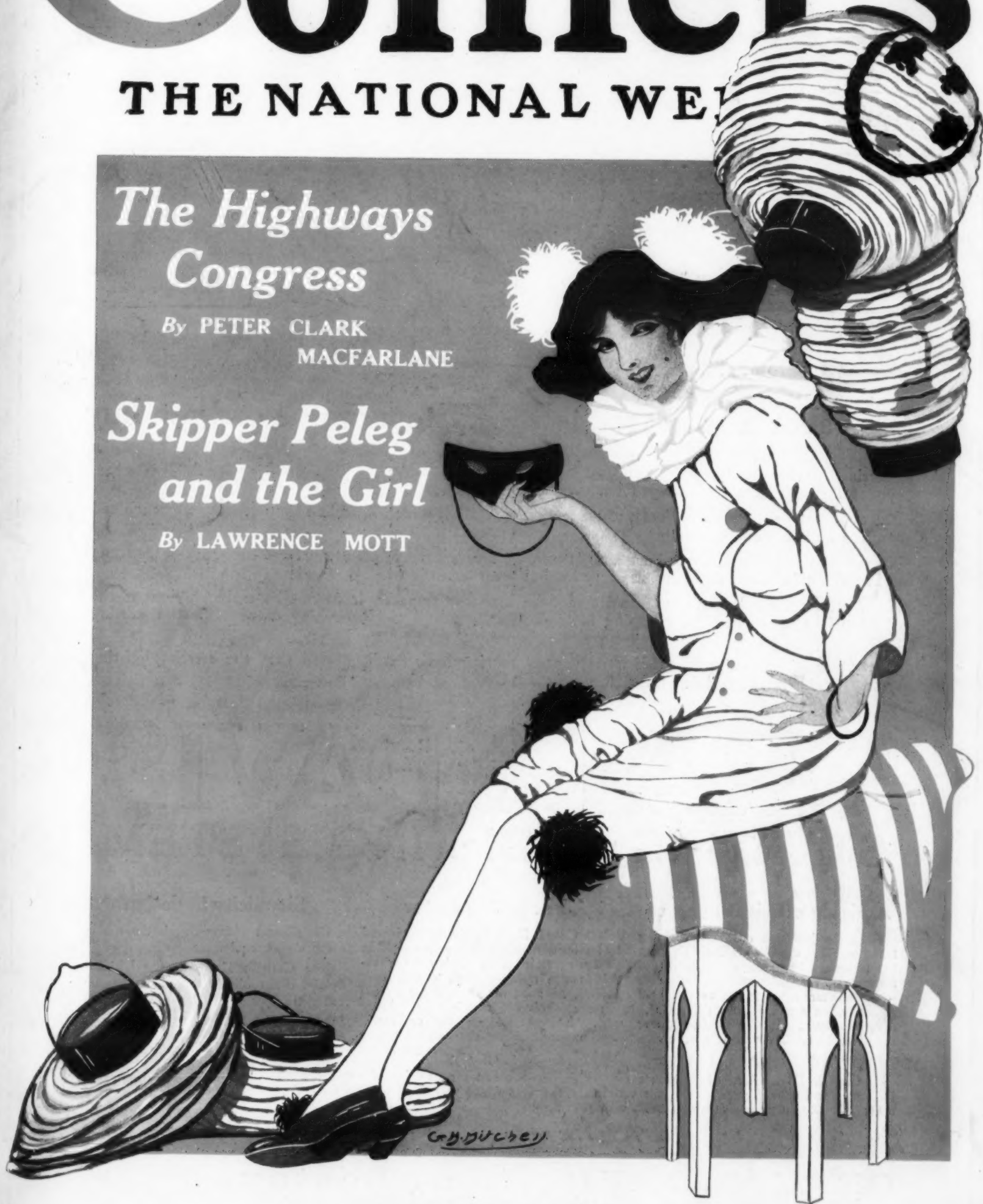
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Highways Congress

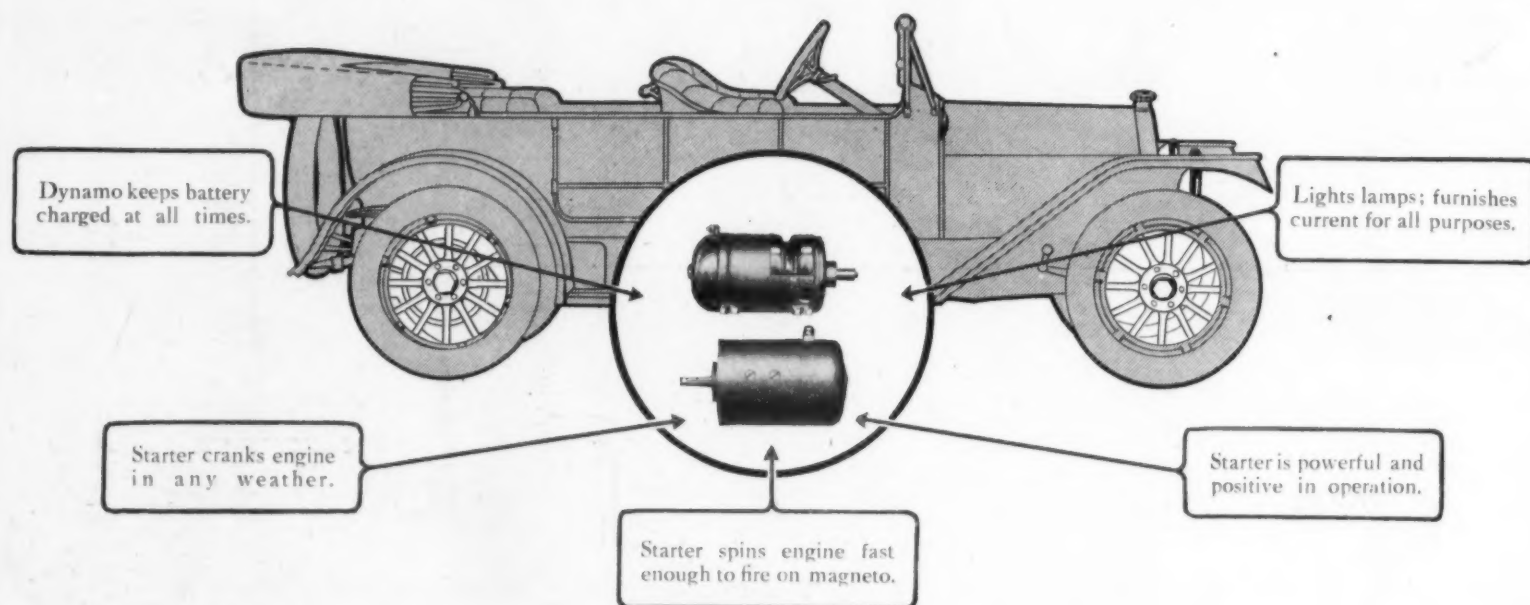
By PETER CLARK
MACFARLANE

Skipper Peleg and the Girl

By LAWRENCE MOTT



The pleasure your car gives you depends largely upon the Starting-Lighting System



You should look well to the System on the car you buy

Practically every modern car gives you a strong, true engine, smooth-working transmission, and velvety spring suspension. Those problems were settled years ago.

But not every automobile offers a starting-lighting system which is backed by years of experience and seasons of actual road service.

No matter what its price, you have a right to expect your automobile to start automatically every time, under all conditions of roads and in every kind of weather.

No matter how able your automobile may be in other respects, it cannot be truly efficient if the dynamo fails in its work of charging battery, lighting lamps and furnishing current for the starting motor.

Two years of operating experience and actual service have demonstrated that the starting-lighting system which you should demand with your car is the

GRAY & DAVIS

STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEM

A highly efficient dynamo

Since the inception of electric lighting for automobiles, the Gray & Davis Dynamo has been used by leading motor car manufacturers. Its experimental stage was over with five years ago. It is not a converted generator, but a real dynamo doing a real dynamo's work. It is a 6-volt, constant speed machine. The voltage never varies. The service never fails.

Gray & Davis Electrical equipment adds to the intrinsic and service value of any car. It is final and highly standardized in design and manufacture. It is the veteran in the field where volunteers are the rule. You owe it to yourself to demand a Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System with your automobile.

The starting motor

The Gray & Davis Starting Motor is used by leading automobile manufacturers, 32 in all having endorsed it. It is not a makeshift nor a rushed-through device, built hurriedly to meet the demand for electric starters. You will find it on the better cars. It works without "ifs" or "buts," continuously cranking the heaviest engine even if the thermometer drops to zero.

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Complicated wiring—there's the rub in much electric equipment.

The Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System is exceedingly simple. It has no complicated or involved controls. Press the pedal and the engine hums. A simple switch controls the lamps. The whole system is built for the layman.

Our catalogue and full information will be sent on request.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of lamps, starters and dynamos for automobiles

TIMKEN

AXLES

&

BEARINGS



What you would see in a Timken-Detroit Rear Axle if its pressed steel housing were transparent.

Look Into Your Rear Axle

X-Ray pictures of the human body reveal what the eye cannot see. They gently penetrate skin and muscles and show the wonderful structure of vital organs and bones. Could the X-Ray penetrate the pressed-steel housing (the skin) of a Timken-Detroit Rear Axle it would reveal what is shown in the picture above.

Hidden under the housing are the shining teeth of polished gears that transmit driving power from engine to wheels. Quiet running, full power, satisfaction, depend on the accurate meshing of those polished teeth.

Every curve and angle of the teeth has been calculated by expert engineers and has been made an accurate reality by the unique Timken process of grinding every gear to its master pinion, every pinion to its master gear.

But even that accuracy would not avail, except for the labor of many hands and brains, through which it becomes possible to *put the gears together right and keep them right* after they are in the axle.

This means conscientious labor in the tool-room, where jigs and gauges are made.

It means exactness in size and alignment of holes, of threads, of adjusting rings. It means firmness of clamping devices that hold the parts almost as solidly together as though they were welded.

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It means using bearings that show almost *no* wear after thousands of miles of running—yet can be adjusted to correct that small wear perfectly—bearings that meet side pressure as well as direct weight. The one bearing that *does all* these things is the Timken Tapered Roller Bearing—and no other has been used in the Timken-Detroit Axle.

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Go deep down below the finished whole, below the operations and materials, even below the design—get down to the very heart and core of Timken Axle Quality.

There you find an organization of men, wholly devoted to one ideal—the building of a perfect axle. Absolute perfection is their goal, and no lesser goal will serve these men. From the day of the first motor-car they have worked together toward that end.

And to this ideal is due the safety, comfort and satisfaction of the man who drives a Timken-equipped car today.

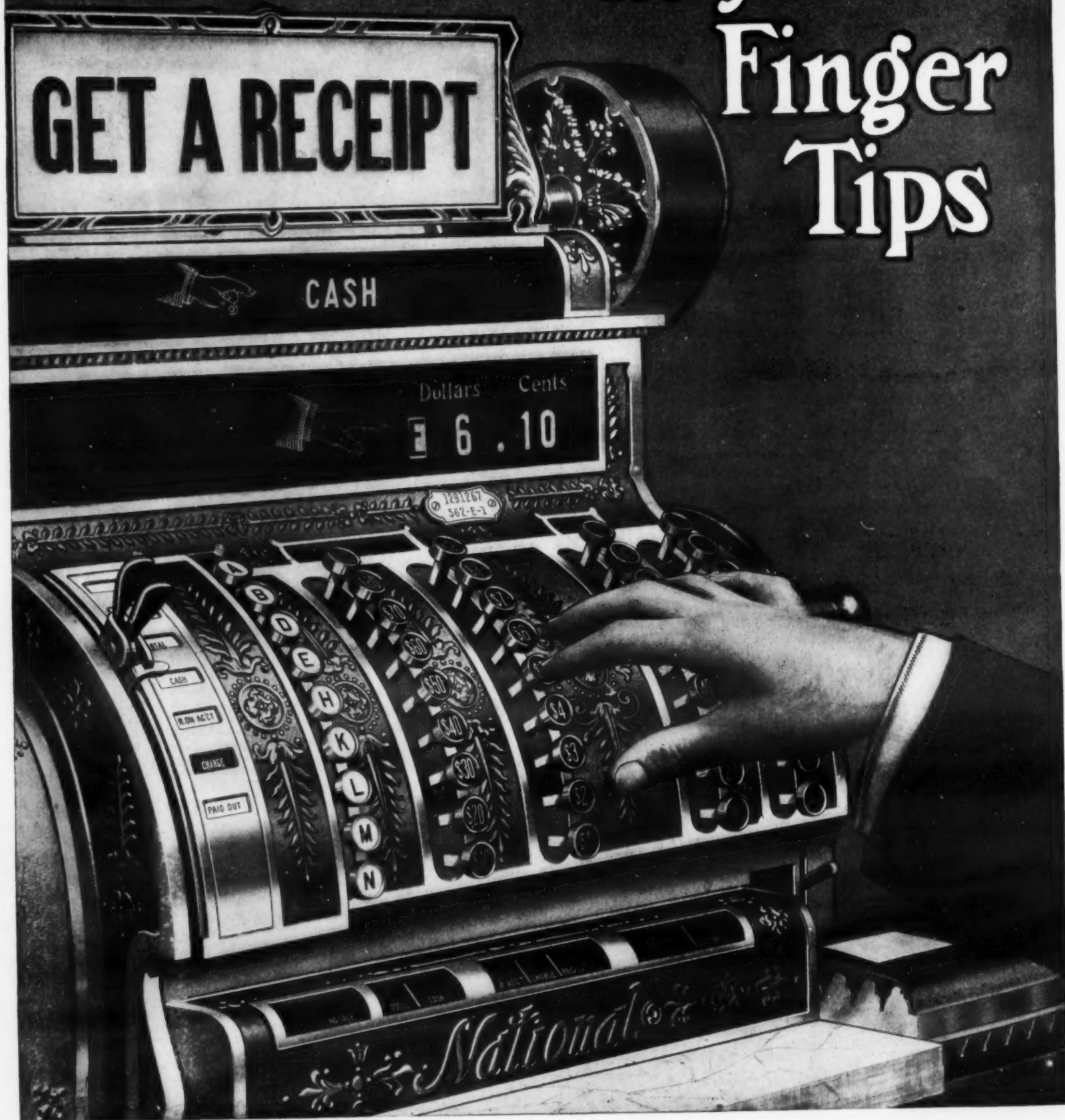
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Highways Congress

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

THERE were some four thousand men who made rendezvous in Detroit in the early days of October, calling themselves the Third American Road Congress. Practical men they were, all of them! Some were there to do politics, and they did it. Some were there to sell road-making machinery or material, and they did that. Some were there with big, constructive plans for broaching the Federal barrel and gridironing the country with great continental highways, while others came with analytical minds to tear these plans to tatters. Some plain men just naturally wanted to know how to build the best roads at the least cost, while other men, also plain but highly trained, who knew exactly how to do this, were also there, and just as naturally wanted to tell everybody how to do everything. In fact, it was a place where experts bloomed at every turn of the work. To begin by culling a few of these: The president was Logan Waller Page, director of the United States Office of Public Roads, who is also president of the American Highways Association, which embraces innumerable good-roads organizations the country over. Then there were A. S. Batchelder, chairman of the Executive Committee, and George C. Diehl, chairman of the Good Roads Board of the American Automobile Association, each of them a road sharp. There were also Oliver Wilson, master of the National Grange; J. M. Lowe, president of the National Old Trails Association, and Henry B. Joy, president of the Lincoln Highways Association, together with the presidents of innumerable State roads associations, including Clarence A. Kenyon, whose enthusiastic and intelligent interest in the question has led him to make a study of the national highway systems of Europe, and who is president of the Good Roads Association of Indiana, which is one of the great highway-building States of the Union. Besides which the State engineers were there. To some it will be surprising to know that already thirty of our States have highway departments organized. All but three of the heads of these departments were in attendance at the convention.

It was also a congress of demonstrators. Three great organizations united in this gathering: The American Highways Association, the American Automobile Association, and the National Association of Road Machinery and Material Manufacturers.

The latter occupied the entire lower floor of the Wayne Garden, where the convention was held, and flowed out on either side into huge circus tents—all packed and crammed in every available foot with road-making machinery in operation, and samples of materials of every sort—clays, gravels, concretes, sand, pebbles, slate, bricks, bitumens; crushers, conveyers, mixers, ditchers, graders, testers; moving pictures!

And besides the teachers and the demonstrators

there were the people who wanted to know—nearly four thousand registered delegates and many hundreds who forgot to register. This rank and file included all sorts, from the man who unblushingly asserted that he owned more automobiles than any other man in the State of New York, to another who looked as though a smooth rut in which to run a barrow wheel were the height of his road-making problem.



Finishing off one of the roads of Wayne County, in which the city of Detroit is located

The discussions lasted a week; but there was no scorching. All went smoothly as a new set of tires. Everyone observed the rules of the road. Nobody turned to the left, not even the Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals from Canada, where, I venture the Hibernicism, it is entirely right to turn to the left.

There was honking of horns at sharp corners and neighborly offers of assistance to all in distress. Courtesy, patience, and good humor prevailed. Men called each other's pet schemes nonsense with a smile.

And as to good roads: It appeared at the outset that everybody wanted 'em; the American Automobile Association and all its affiliations wanted 'em; the National Grange and all its grangers wanted 'em; the individual farmers wanted 'em; yes, and even the railroads wanted 'em—provided what they got was nice little feeder lines from the farmer's barn door to the nearest railroad station, and provided, especially, that neither the Government nor anybody else helped the farmers to build trunk lines by which a dozen, clubbing together to own a motor truck, could gather up each evening the produce of all their farms and trundle it right through the night 100 or 150 miles, past ever so many stations of ever so many railroads, at a cost no greater than the farmer used to pay to haul his stuff to the nearest sidetrack, and land the load, all fresh and crisp, where the consumers might buy it first-hand, leaving the railroads and the middlemen to weep upon each other's shoulders, while the farmer loosed a shout of joy and the householder lifted up another pean, for lo! the producer got more and the consumer gave less and got better. Which very long sentence, yet not nearly so long as is the range of a farmer's motor truck, is spilled out right here at the beginning to hint that mayhap this Third American Road Congress is grinding the ax that will hack more cubits off the cost of living than President Wilson's tariff act. Since, therefore, everybody wants good roads, only a few questions remained for the congress to consider, as, for instance: What is a good road? How can we get good roads? How can we get our good roads first? How can we get somebody else to help pay for our good roads before we have to help pay for theirs? *ad infinitum.*

There was much talk of patriotism and much appeal to self-interest. Commenting on this, some one quoted David Harum's observation, that a man's heart is much nearer his breeches pocket than his breast pocket. There was constant emphasis on the breeches pocket—of the farmer, of the merchant, of the railroad, of the motor manufacturer, of the automobile tourist, and, finally and emphatically, on the breeches pocket of one particular party, familiarly known as Uncle Sam.

Practically all were willing that Uncle Sam should furnish a generous supply of the funds to build a great system of national highways; but beyond that differences developed. States' rights, to say nothing of States' jealousies, bristled like hedgehogs. There were those who thought the Government should merely appropriate the funds to the several States, and that the States should select the route and build the roads.

There were others totally unwilling to trust the States with the expenditure of a single dollar of a national highway fund, and who, pointing to the famous Cumberland road, maintained successfully by the nation for a quarter of a century, asked all to



Boys and girls skate to school on the road's final surface

note how, when committed to the several States, it had speedily fallen into ruin.

Still others thought not only that the nation should designate and build a national system of national highways, but that it should refuse to spend a dollar on a foot of road in any State till that State had agreed to spend a like or greater amount in building laterals.

An air of serious interest pervaded all sessions and inspired onlookers with a deep respect for the deliberations. The same ideal was in every mind—a perfectly coordinated system of roads that run from the farmers' barns to the market town, from the market town to county seat, from county seats to State capitals and principal cities, and from these to the great artery highways that would gridiron the nation from ocean to ocean and from border to border—roads that are adapted to the several needs of the users, increasing in quality and adaptability as they advance from one demand of traffic to another, until the great State and national highways shall be able to care for all classes of traffic and match in durability any of those old Roman roads over which the chariots of the Caesars rumbled and which are good to-day.

The common thought of the congress was pregnant with a sense of what such an ideal would mean to the nation. And there was an atmosphere of optimism prevailing.

In vain for sober statisticians to say there are 2,100,000 miles of country roads in the United States, and there is not money enough in the world to improve them.

"We are going to improve them," was the spirit manifested on every hand.

The attendance was so much larger, the interest so much greater, the signs of progress so many times multiplied at this congress that, the more experienced in good-roads meetings the delegate, the more optimism he felt.

A New York to San Francisco Highway

THE congress was keyed on a high plane the first day by the statesmanlike address of the Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Houston reminded the congress that his department had conducted a Bureau of Public Roads since 1893, during which time it had expended \$1,750,000 in studying and building roads, as well as in teaching others how to build them, and, as evidence of increasing interest in the subject, pointed out that in ten years the appropriations by States had increased from \$2,000,000 to \$43,000,000. He declared that in his judgment the State should be the smallest unit with which the Federal Government should be required to deal. In concluding, Secretary Houston defined himself rather carefully in some sentences that had best be quoted, since they probably represent the Administration attitude toward the general principle of Federal highway building:

"To summarize, it seems to me that if Federal help is to be extended to the building and improvement of roads, it should follow approximately these lines:

"First, it should require the co-operation of the State in a larger measure in financial support and in construction and maintenance.

"In the second place, it should be understood that the Federal Government should have adequate supervision and control over the enter-

prise in each community, and guarantee the efficient expenditure of its own funds.

"In the third place, the Federal commissioner should deal exclusively with efficient agencies provided and supported by the States.

"In the fourth place, the man should provide for the apportionment of funds among the States on the basis of certain essential factors; and,

"Finally, the primary undertaking should be to improve those community roads which are essential for the marketing of products and for the betterment of the physical, intellectual, and social side of rural life."

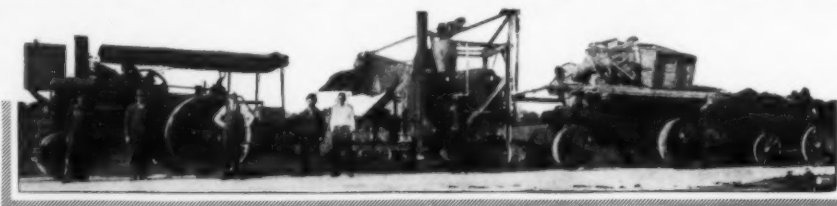
Perhaps no ideal talked about at the congress took with greater force than that of the Lincoln Highways Association. Briefly, this is a pro-

The difference—In the picture to the left an everyday bad road; the raw material from which it is possible to make the finished product on good roads shown in the lower picture



posal to build a great national highway from New York City to San Francisco over the most direct route possible, thus binding together with concrete and bitumen the far edges of the nation, and dedicating it in the name of the man whose life guaranteed the perpetuity of the Union. Everywhere, it was declared, the plan had been hailed with remarkable enthusiasm.

The belief of the promoters is that the States and cities through which the Lincoln highway passes will do most of the building, and that \$10,000,000 will suffice to round off corners, to fill in gaps, and to build the great stretch of road through the arid and unpopulated districts in the Far West. Although the matured project is little more than one hundred days of age, already a route has been selected and pub-



lished, columns of favorable comment have resulted, thousands of letters and telegrams commending the scheme have been received, and, what is more to the point, over half of the \$10,000,000 required has been actually subscribed.

Henry B. Joy is the president of the association and A. B. Pardington is secretary; the headquarters are in Detroit. President Wilson is among those who have sent their checks. Sums are now coming each day to the headquarters, from unheard-of corners of the country, from school children, from boy scouts, from farmers, and, of course, the larger sums from motorists and automobile manufacturers. Such an astonishing momentum has the project gained that there is sanguine talk of having the highway completed in time for the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915.

Stimulus of a National Boulevard

NOT a little of the enthusiasm for this enterprise appears to be evoked by the conviction that once one such national boulevard is in existence, no matter where, its power as an object lesson will be so great as to stimulate the rapid building of other highways of the same character until the whole country is gridironed.

The "grand old man" of the convention was Judge J. M. Lowe of Kansas City, a veteran of the Confederate army, tall, keen, and hectic, president of the National Old Trails Association, a man of emphatic opinions and deliciously fearless in his expression of them.

He was very popular with the delegates, and they had him upon every possible occasion. Invariably, after talking ten minutes or so, the Judge would pause and, with hands that trembled with age and earnestness, untie his cravat, unbutton his collar and his shirt at the throat, and then proceed.

The convention always watched this bit of sartorial detail with breathless expectancy, for they knew that the old Judge was going in to "eat 'em alive," a feat which he performed so artistically and with such good-humored vehemence as greatly to delight the convention.

Among those men at whom the venerable fire eater bit his thumb during the week were Senator Bourne and Congressman Shackelford, the latter from the Judge's own State. The Judge was particularly hot against the States'-rights stubbornness. The convention hall was on the water front of the Detroit River, and one day, while the Judge was speaking, a great steamer passed, with her upper works in plain sight—passed so near that it seemed a hand from a window could have touched her. The Judge shouted dramatically:

"There! There is a great national highway!

"Upon that and others like it the Government has spent \$600,000,000—more than half of it wasted—and I want to tell you that the Government has got just as much right and just as much responsibility for improving highways on the land as it has upon the water. Michigan has not got any more right to stop the Government from building a highway through Wayne County than it has to stop it from making one of the Detroit River.

"The Government has as good a right to build (Continued on page 26)

Skipper Peleg and the Girl



"REACH me that bottle! Unless ye wants th' hul o' it!"

Skipper Peleg Howard of the *Aaron* was in one of his cross spells, and he didn't care who was aware of the fact.

Chief Engineer Thaddeus Bronson shoved it across the stained table top without a remark.

St. John's, Newfoundland, was gray and dreary in the feeble sunlight forcing its way through rapidly thickening snow clouds, and the cold northeast November wind that blew down its shabby streets brought a bite from the endless ice fields of the far north. The stove at the back of the long, low barroom cracked hospitably.

Chief Thad moved over to it and spread his tough, bony hands to the heat.

"From Cardiff, to this danged squat-me-on-a-rock hum village fur a few hun'er dollars above ex-penses! It's rotten! That's whut I calls it—rotten!" Peleg growled.

"Honesty es th' best policy!" the chief said sententiously.

"By Jupe, whut d' ye mean by that?"

"Wall, ain't it now?" The lanky engineer looked over his shoulder. "Here we be cumferable es ye please, 'thout havin' to be skeered o' our own shadders, and able to walk frum one end o' the burg right on the main street to t'other, 'thout skatin' round corners an' bikin' 'crost back lots and graveyards to git thar! Feels kinda good to me not to have to do the now-ye-see-me-now-ye-don't act every ter brass buttons heaves in sight! I ain't got used ter lookin' cops and Cust'm House ginks in the eye pit!"

SKIPPER PELEG listened quietly (strange to say)! "So ye'd ruther be stoopid, honest, an' broke, than use yer wits an' make a haul now an' agin?" he suggested.

There was an ominous undertone in his voice that Chief Thad recognized.

"I ain't sayin' but whut a haul *do* come in handy; I wuz on'y remarkin' thet bein' able to tell *anybody* ye meet to go to blazes awhoopin' es a right good feelin'. Ye see, Peleg, I ain't got yer wits, an' I can't be expected to see things the way you do!"

Mollified—as the chief intended that he should be—by this tribute to his mind, the skipper pushed the bottle back with a complacent grunt.

"Spill some?"

"Guess I'll take a smoke."

The dirty little barkeeper came in and looked to see how much of the bottle was gone.

"Hey, got any papers?"

From under the ragged billiard-table cover the barkeeper drew some tattered sheets. Peleg gazed at them disgustedly.

"It's a slop town fur fair!" he said, reaching for them.

"Got any plan, Peleg?" the chief asked ere the skipper began to read.

"No—o, not that I knows of. Th' boy's gittin' flour an' wittles t'day. We might hump 'long to North Sydney tomorrer an' see if them Blue Nose Nova Scoshy chumps got anythin' thet we kin sep'rate 'em frum; whut d'ye think?"

CHIEF THAD hesitated.

"It's a middlin' good spell sence—er—"

"I know, go on!" Peleg interrupted.

"Thet Antoine feller to Marselles never'll peep about our deal with *him*, an' th' gray paint looks kinda decent yit. S'pose we takes a gamblin' chancet an' goes bang to Noo York? I got a hankerin' to see th' old place. We hain't been thar sence you wuz on the Mallory boats, and I wuz slavin' my blessed heart out fer Plant."

"Hum!" Skipper Peleg scratched an ear reflectively. "Got coal 'nuff?"

"Yep. And Gawd knows when we'll have a right-an'-reg'lar set o' papers to git in thar with agin."

"I gue—ess we kin try it anyhow, chief! Thar's allus

Oct. 25

By Lawrence Mott

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

suthin' lyin' round in our line, 'f a fella's got eyes an' ears, 'n knows whut they're fur! A'right! Go find the boy an' tell him to git his stuff 'board this arternoon. I'll come down bimeby."

He picked up a newspaper, cocked his sea-booted feet on the table, and smoothed the rumples out as Chief Thad departed.

"Noo York 'Her'd, hey? Quite a stranger to me!"

IT was in those days before the Personal Column had been abolished. To those versed in crime it was a department of great interest. Prominently it stared Skipper Peleg in the face with its alluring:

DOVE—Meet me where we always meet; at ten of the same day. LOVE.

And:

Symposium sawdust somberly safe sound simple cinch. B. B.

He read slowly down the hodgepodge, heterogeneous paragraphs out of sheer curiosity.

"By Jupe!" he exclaimed aloud, "whut in the name o' codfish do this mean?"

URGENTLY DESIRED!

The entire use of a steam vessel capable of crossing Atlantic in nine to ten days. Time charter. Probably six weeks. Business of private nature. No smuggling or other breaking of American law. No questions to be asked or answered by either parties. Sole owner only considered. Ample remuneration. Apply by telegram to Woman, New Bedford, Mass., U. S. A.

"Phe-e-w! What's the date o' this? Hm! Eight days old!"

Skipper Peleg read it again very carefully, then laid the paper across his knees.

"Somchow 'nother that smells like a job fur th' *Aaron*!"

The more he thought the better he liked the mystery of the advertisement and its possibilities. He roared for the barkeeper, paid his drink bill, and went out. Snow was beginning to fall as he hurried down the unkenpt main street, and the faces of the cod-fish natives were pinched and blue in the cold.

"Thin-skinned lot! How'd they stan' the damned winters, I wonder?" Peleg grunted as he stumped along.

He shoved the telegraph office door open as though he owned the place, grabbed a blank and wrote:

WOMAN, New Bedford, Mass.:

Fast steamer solely owned open to charter as per ad answer quick. PELEG, St. John's, N. F.

"Say, son, jist put a full head o' steam on that, will ye?"

Down the steep hill that led to the harbor he went, and out on a fish wharf.

The *Aaron* was anchored opposite, and, as Chief Thad had said, her appearance was still reasonably decent, though a heavy coat of coal dust did not improve what was left of the white trimmings and varnish that Antoine Lafitte had paid for at Marselles; her engines were always in the pink of condition.

"*Aaron* ahoy!" he bellowed.

AN arm was waved above her rail and the boy came ashore for him in the dinghy.

"Chief 'board?"

"Yessir! I meet 'im just oop strit leetle, yessir!" the blue-eyed little Swede answered briskly as he jerked the boat over the lead-colored water.

"How's thet fur suthin' wuth takin' a squint at, old geezer?"

Thad read, then reread, looked up at Peleg, and read

again; then he, too, looked at the date of the paper. "Yer too late, Peleg! Thar'll be every scalywag, foul-bottomed, low-powered tramp o' the world answered long afore this!"

"Don't keer a cuss if they have! Thar ain't a single steamer thet kin cross in the specified time—leastways not that's sole owned an' willin' to ask no questions! We knows every danged loafer that would be glad to try to turn a trick, but thar ain't a son of a crab in the lot thet will take any kind o' a chance. Es thar?"

"Guess yer right, at that."

"Right?" Peleg snorted. "'Course I'm right; an' it 'pears to me as if thar's hokus-pokus in this here advertise. I've telegraphed anyhow, an' ef thar's good money in it, why, we'll go look-see, as the Chineez sez—eh?"

"I'm 'greeable. When'll ye want to leave?"

"Dunno yit; waitin' fur th' answer. Ye'd better hev' steam on her, though!"

"A'right! No ill' old Noo York fer us!"

CHIEF THAD sighed as he went down the gleaming iron ladders of the spotless engine room. Noon came and passed. After grub the chief and the skipper both went ashore.

"Any answer, son?"

"No."

The snow was falling in dense masses as they came out of their favorite barroom an hour later. Silently it clung to their reefer jackets and deadened the sound of their heavy boots.

"Here it is."

The operator handed Peleg the message. Thad peered over the skipper's shoulder.

PELEG, St. John's, N. F.:

Are you Peleg Howard 'f so meet me Halifax Thursday night nine o'clock am telegraphing \$250 guarantee now hang green light in after rigging I will come on board. WOMAN.

The two looked at one another.

"Whar's the money?" Peleg asked.

"We usually want some identification, but—"

"Identification be damned! I'm Cap'n Peleg Howard o' th' steamer *Aaron*! Ye kin see her from here, stoopid!"

He seized the money, counted it carefully.

"Now, by Jupe, I know that thar's hokus-pokus! Must want us bad to send \$250. We got three days and a few hours; come on, shake a leg!"

No one in St. John's paid any especial attention when the *Aaron* got up her anchor just after dark and slipped out of the crooked harbor into the blustering, snowy night.

THURSDAY afternoon the signal station watchman on the outer head of the entrance to Halifax Harbor wondered why the gray steamer, whose shape he could just see when the driving clouds of mist cleared a bit, had no signal numbers set. "Don't want to report, maybe," he said to himself, settling back to read again.

That was just it!

Skipper Peleg wasn't "much hunks" on making his presence known promiscuously. He had had numbers long ago, but of late years the flags had been stowed away.

"Now then, Mister 'Woman,' ye kin come es soon's ye damn please!" he said when the *Aaron* fetched up on her anchor beyond the long docks that were used by the New York passenger ships.

"Whar's our green light?" the chief asked.

"Thet's so! Dashed near furgot it! Have we got one?"

"Not's I know's of."

"Wal, take one of yer bunker lamps and smear some o' that green paint over the glass! Yer gettin' stoopid-der every mint."

The wind hummed through the *Aaron's* steel rig-



Peace at Any Cost

ONE HORROR that war with Mexico would threaten is innocently laid before us by a correspondent who likes our paragraph on "The Romance of Words," and is moved to write a footnote. Before the dictionary makers have their way, he wants to set the public right concerning the origin of that curious term of contempt, "gringo."

Yes, I know that recent lexicons account for the term by saying it is a corruption of "griego," as from *hablar en griego*, to speak in Greek, but the "g" sound never changes to "n" in Spanish.

He is confident that the truth is that during the Mexican War the favorite song of Yankee troops was BOBBIE BURNS's ballad, "Green Grow the Rashers, O," and that the Mexicans, sometimes encamped no farther away from their demon pursuers than the width of a river, heard the music and syncopated "green grow" to "gringo." How many can recall that song? One verse ran:

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

A few at least will remember how the chorus ran:

Green grow the rashers, O;
Green grow the rashers, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

Now a modern war wouldn't let us off so easy. Horrific are the possibilities if once our boys in khaki invaded the land of hairless dogs and mañana singing the popular ballads of 1913. Down the corridors of time we might march for another half century derided as "Hitchy-kooos" or "Ooo-pops." Let us have peace!

Eyes at Auction

HOW MUCH is your sight worth to you? Doubtless an incalculable sum. In that case, and if you are going to the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 in San Francisco, you will do well to steer clear of the official vision tinkers. For the directors of the exposition have, in a sense, put your eyes up at auction. They plan to dispose of the spectacle-selling concession at the exposition to the highest bidder, in spite of repeated protests that thus they "take a purely commercial view of the transaction and utterly ignore the fact that better vision is not merely a matter of barter, but of professional skill and service," to quote the president of the American Optical Association. When, in August, COLLIER's criticized this attitude, the director of the Division of Exploitation telegraphed a protest, offering to submit contracts and correspondence in defense of the project. By return mail we requested that the evidence be sent. No further word has been received, although six weeks have passed, up to the time of this writing. Evidently, then, the directors are going ahead without regard to the eyesight of the public, to make what profit there is in it. But why stop at eyes? Is there no golden opportunity in the dental privilege? Surely some Painless Parkins ought to "come across" roundly for the exclusive graft in tooth pulling. What about lungs? Duffy's Malt Whiskey ought to put up a thumping price for the consumption concession. And there could not but be a pretty penny in the Bright's-disease-and-diabetes privilege; old "Dr." KILMER please write. Furthermore, Dr. HARTMANN of Peruna fame is still exchanging fake promises for dollars; it should take some bidding to beat him out for the catarrh permit. And how is it that gentlemen with the keen business instincts of the San Francisco managers haven't thought of inciting a profitable rivalry between Anti-Kamnia and Orangeine for the headache rights? Obviously there is a broad and fertile field of enterprise here. With neither principles nor pride to deter them, the Panama-Pacific exploiters would get enormous returns on a sale-to-the-highest-bidder partnership with the Great American Fraud—and the public be duped!

Friendship

PERSONALITY—the gift of influence and the capacity for friendship—these are priceless qualities anywhere. They have most value, however, where educators are concerned. Sometimes we almost despair of our universities, with their overemphasis upon equipment, as if a plant were ever so potent as a man; sometimes we do despair of the college presidents and their insistence upon the doctorate of philosophy and the fact of contributing articles and books to the press as *sine qua non* of academic promotion. To illustrate by a single institution, take Harvard. The impress received by the boys educated at Harvard during the second half of the nineteenth century came in most cases from men who held no degree other than the plain

"B. A." The gift of friendship was bestowed most largely perhaps upon that cousin of President ELIOT whose correspondence is now announced for publication—CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. One of the most eloquent of American critics and poets, GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, does homage to the memory of Professor NORTON in the Phi Beta Kappa poem which he read at the Harvard Commencement this year—referring to himself therein as NORTON's "firstling charge, boy leader of the host of those who followed in the aftertime." Here is Mr. WOODBERRY's picture of the master of Shady Hill, correspondent of EMERSON and CARLYLE, and friend to so many lonely sophomores:

A grave demeanor masked his solitude,
Like the dark pines of his seignorial wood;
But there within was hid how warm a hearth
Hospitable, and bright with children's mirth.
How many thence recall his social grace,
The general welcome beaming from his face,
The shy embarrassment of his good will
Chafing against the forms that held it still;
Or, in more private hours, the high discourse,
With soft persuasion velling moral force;
The reticent mouth, the sweet reserved style;
Something unsaid still lingered in his smile;
For more he felt than ever he expressed.

There is talk of applying efficiency systems to the colleges, but what efficiency system can check up the value to one college of a man like NORTON, a professor of the humanities who taught humanity?

The Overpaid Girl

A REASONABLY GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN is hurt in a midnight automobile accident which involves the usual accessories of the millionaire's son and the bottle of wine. On investigation the ordinary data of such cases are ascertained: irregular schooling, casual work on the stage, and boarding-house life. The reader inclines toward sympathy, begins to release the minimum-wage argument, but encounters this confusing item:

She receives \$100 a month from the estate of her grandfather, the money being sent to her by the treasurer of the American National Exchange Bank in —, Texas. The girl is now twenty-two years old.

We are going to have justice in this matter of women's wages. The misery of oppression by pay is going to be ended just as we ended the misery of oppression by slavery. But the lives of those who have more money than character will be very much what they are to-day. The process of selection is eternal.

October

ONE OF OUR PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS finds fault with the editorial "Autumn." "Later, in the fall, you may be as melancholy as you like," he writes, "but there's nothing blue about October but the sky. Do you know TOM DALY's poems?"

Come, forsake your city street!
Come to God's own fields and meet
October.
Not the lean, unkempt, and brown
Counterfeit that haunts the town,
Pointing, like a thing of gloom,
At dead Summer in her tomb;
Reading in each fallen leaf
Nothing but regret and grief.
Come out, where, beneath the blue,
You may frolic with the true
October.

This is the season, not for melancholy in front of a smoky wood fire, but for profitable exercise. Now, if ever, come walking days. Try it!" We mean to. We have begun already; it was moonlight a few evenings ago, and we walked briskly after dinner. We took a collie along for company, and both of us enjoyed the evening, and all the fresh country odors it somehow drew from soil and turf and shrubbery. Our Philadelphia correspondent quotes from T. A. DALY—a fellow townsman to be proud of. We like him best in his Italian-American verses, that one may compare with DRUMMOND's French-Canadian ballads without a blush or an apology. We like DALY's Italians in America better than his straight Yankee or Hibernian, though the latter was lately praised in no measured terms by Mrs. HINKSON, KATHERINE TYNAN that was. To our mind, good Padre ANGELO can never be matched by Father DAN O'MALLEY or "his Reverence, Father O'FLANIGAN," while "Mia Carlotta" and "Between Two Loves," for tenderness and humor, outdo anything of DALY's in Irish dialect. Yet the poet is the best of Irishmen as well as the best of Americans, and if you don't know him you have only to hunt up his "Carmina" and "Canzoni." October is as good a month as any to enjoy TOM DALY and cross-country walking.



An Ordeal of Entombment

ADD to the honor roll of Spartans the name of Thomas Toshesky, a Pennsylvania miner. A wall of coal fifty-two feet thick buried him alive in the Continental Mine at Centralia. For five days he had nothing to eat or drink. Then the oil of his miner's lamp burned out. Left in blackness, with rats running over him and the drippings from the cave roof chilling his body and torturing his imagination, he still kept his nerve. On the fifth day a two-inch pipe, let through eight feet of solid rock, brought him liquid food. Three days later he was rescued. Our photograph was snapped as he was being escorted up the mine breach to the surface.

A Professor's Adventure in Contentment

IN THESE less spacious times nearly anything may be described as an "adventure"; and to A. E. Munler, late instructor in French in Lake Forest (Ill.) Academy, it was an "adventure in contentment" to change his professorial post for an independent life as a peanut vender. He reports that the new occupation pays him better than teaching and in many other ways seems nearer to the heart's desire.



FORT WORTH, TEXAS, makes the boast—to the accompaniment of a broad grin—that she possesses the tallest and the shortest policeman in the land. George Washington Montgomery, the tall one (7 feet 1 inch), is a traffic patrolman. The other, Joe Reisacker (5 feet 0 inches), drives a patrol wagon and sometimes does a turn as roundsman. The two are chums and Fort Worth's citizens often see them on the streets together.



Painting 1,224 Pictures in a Single Day

THE rapidity and perfect ease with which the Japanese artist works command admiration even from those who do not understand the art. Bamboo rustling in the wind, thundering waterfalls, cawing crows, flying birds, moss-covered rocks, and a multitude of other objects are depicted by lines, curves, and washes arranged in ways capable of being memorized as accurately as an ideograph. The directness and facility of the Japanese artist who, unmindful of crowds of onlookers, paints a dozen pictures while you wait, each possessing some point of excellence, are, in a way, marvelous. Fukui Kotel, professor of painting at the Tokyo School of Fine Arts, painted one picture for each of his 1,224 guests in one summer day. He was at it from five o'clock in the morning until half past seven o'clock in the evening, the brush never leaving his hand. In a single day 102 dozen paintings, every one of them large enough for an ordinary *kakemono* (hanging picture)! He has often been called upon to entertain national or imperial guests. The accompanying photograph of a panel of bamboo and a sparrow is one of the more careful pictures of his day's work. The other photograph shows him busy in his atelier in Tokyo.

JIRO HARADA.



meant even more to him than to the others. Good friends were his fetish—to be with such splendid pals as Nerney and Tholander made work a pleasure. He was a tall, solidly built young man, with dark hair and a prominent jaw, and those of his acquaintances who did not understand him termed him snappish and sarcastic. His associates knew him to be generous, loyal, soft-hearted—knew that his cynicism was but a mask to shield a supersensitive nature—knew him to be ready with sympathy and pocketbook, quick to understand, eager to contribute his share to the entertainment.

HE FULLY believed that the good times were to be at an end. No longer would the bunch feel free to relate the many little colorful incidents and humorous stories that always had brightened the working day. In fact the bunch would no longer be a bunch—but merely three men who happened to work in the same room.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Nerney and Tholander were at their desks—with their coats on. At 9.15 Adam Brown held open the door and ushered her in. "Oh, Karl!" said Uncle Adam.

Tholander leaped spryly to his feet. "Miss Percyfield—Mr. Tholander—and Mr. Nerney—" Nerney bowed. "This young lady is going to show you boys how to draw."

Elmer's description of Miss Percyfield was fairly accurate. She was tall—and nice. She was pretty, and she wore the trimmest of tailored suits. And—her big, black sailor hat rested on a substantial foundation of golden—well, hair. She colored slightly as she offered her hand to Nerney and Tholander, but her grasp was firm and businesslike.

"You can have this table by the window," said Uncle Adam, leading the way to the corner. "In the afternoon if the sun in that skylight is too strong, the boy will pull the curtain across. Karl—will you show Miss Percyfield where to find the supplies?"

"I hope I am not robbing anyone of this nice corner," said the girl when Uncle Adam had departed.

This was a good sign—Nerney flashed a quick glance of approval to Tholander.

"Not at all," he assured her in his best drawing-room accents. And then, "You can hang your coat in this closet if you like—here is a hanger."

She thanked him and accepted the hanger. When she removed her coat, Nerney noticed that her crisp

waist while sensibly mannish was not wanting in feminine attractiveness. As she turned back her cuffs and rolled up her sleeves, the action seemed so boyishly naïve that Tholander instinctively threw up an arm as though to fend an impending blow. Instantly he was horrified by the boldness of his act, but the girl smiled reassuringly.

"Jim Jeffries—" she said, clinching her little fists and tensing the muscles of her well-rounded forearms. "I'm sure I should swing a pick instead of a pen."

Nerney thought of a dozen pretty compliments he would like to pay her but was unable to decide on the right one. He joined Tholander in a laugh that was free from restraint, then both men helped her to find the necessary drawing supplies.

At ten o'clock Gifford came in—started to remove his coat—then hastily worked it on again. He hung up his hat and slid into his chair without a glance at the corner.

"Oh, Giff!" Nerney called.

Gifford managed to look up without including the corner in his range of vision.

"Have you met Miss Percyfield?"

Gifford rose—suddenly discovered the corner and bowed.

"Nice day," he volunteered as he resumed his seat.

"Very," returned the girl, and immediately Gifford reviled himself for making a remark so bromidic.

AN HOUR later Nerney picked up his pipe and some matches and started for the hall, where he was soon joined by Tholander. Gifford looked longingly at his pipe and sighed. He didn't like to be the first to test the young lady on the smoking proposition and it wouldn't do at all for him to leave the studio while the other men were out. Uncle Adam might come in with a new client and would be considerably annoyed if there was no art staff present to be exhibited.

For a time the two worked in silence, then—

"Miss Percyfield, will you come in a moment?" Uncle Adam had entered on his rubber heels.

"My first call down," she whispered as she passed Gifford, and he grinned in spite of himself.

"Where's the lady?" asked Nerney when he returned with Tholander. Gifford jerked a thumb in the direction of the front office.

"How do you like her, Giff? I think she's fine," said Nerney.

"Oh, I dunno," said Gifford without enthusiasm.

"This place will be like a morgue by to-morrow. Bring on the corpse, boys."

"Give her a chance, Giff. Course it seems funny to be working with our coats on and no pipes going, but the discipline will do us good."

"I don't want to be disciplined," said Gifford. "Say, George, let me have your Leyendecker clippings, will you? I've got to plant a doggy young man in this motor boat I'm drawing and I'm not above swiping a good figure."

NERNEY passed over a file of magazine illustrations and covers. The subject of Miss Percyfield was dropped for the time.

"What's wrong with you, Giff?" asked Tholander, when the bunch had repaired to Sol's at the close of the day. "All the afternoon you were clashing your tusks at that poor girl as though she had put eraser crumbs in your tobacco."

"Well, why does she have to butt in?" Gifford demanded.

"You talk like a cuttlefish," said Nerney sharply. "You should chop your grouch right now."

"I'll bet she's an art student and this is her first job," Gifford continued.

"Try again," said Tholander. "Did you see that stunt she is doing for the Taunton Tailors? I was looking at it when we left the shack. She has laid out three full figures in half a day, and finished up two of 'em. Speedy, I call it."

"Bet she's got a classy bunch of clips," said Gifford, using a favorite expression of opprobrium—the insinuation that she depended for her ideas on clippings of other artists' reproductions.

"Giff, you are as reasonable as a policeman," said Nerney. "By the way—aren't you the little boy who borrowed some Leyendecker clips from me this morning?" Gifford grinned.

"Well, I'm willing to be shown," he said. "I've indicted her on five counts—her hair, her name, her presence in the office, no smoking, and coats on."

"Bet she waives immunity," said Tholander.

"I'm the jury—on with the proceedings," and Gifford puffed serenely at his cigar.

But he could not have been wholly prejudiced against the new artist. A few days later—while she was absent from the room—Elmer, intending to win a laugh from the men, held up the drawing on which she had been working and seized his nose on which

(Concluded on page 32)

Little Mrs. Lindstrom's Pull

FOR two weeks I had been sole owner, editor, publisher, business manager, reporter, et cetera, of the Chattersville "Weekly Bugle." The smell of printers' ink, the hum of the small jobber, the grinding roar of the big cylinder, and the faint click of type against the composing stick had not yet grown dull and irksome to me. Drowsily but appreciatingly I was reading the proofs of a scorching editorial that I had written ament one color-blind village-board member who had just ordered the new band stand in the park painted an awful livid green. The sonorous words were rolling off the end of my tongue in an avalanche of biting argument when a slight rustle caused me to turn from my favorite author. A strange little woman walked or rather glided into the sanctum.

"How de ye do, Mister Editor?" she smiled. I hustled my feet down from the corner of my belettered and beglued desk, knocking over the chief editorial writer—my rusty, trusty eight-inch shears—rose to my feet and arranged a chair for her.

"Good afternoon," I replied as pleasantly as my disposition and occupation would permit. "Won't you please be seated?"

MY QUEER, diminutive visitor sat down among a profusion of smiles and bows.

"Tank you wery much," she said in a fascinating broken dialect that braves description. "My name vas Mrs. Lindstrom. I velcome you by our little city."

"I am very pleased to know you, Mrs. Lindstrom," I replied, "and I appreciate your generous welcome. I like your—"

"Und how do you like our town?"

"A very pleasant little city, and chuck full of good, kind people. I am sure that I shall like you all immensely."

"Vell, I tought you would. And ve like you and the paper fine," she beamed.

"I've only started, I assure you, Mrs. Lindstrom. I have a number of new features that I expect to inaugurate in the near future. I plan to cover every cross-roads and school district in the entire county by weekly correspondents. I expect shortly to run a car-



By Frazier Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR

toon on the front page, a question and answer department on the editorial page, and to give the entire page five over to a woman's section. These are only a few of the things that I expect to do. So you see that—"

"Yes, dat's nice—dat's nice," she was bowing and smiling, while my personal pronoun lecture was sliding by her and losing itself in the polychromatic chatter of the back room.

I felt rather ashamed over my intensive self-confidence and waited quietly until she should speak again. After a considerable pause she said: "And would you be so kind-as to vant a little piece of news?"

I SWUNG around in my loose-jointed revolving chair and found a pencil in the haystack of exchanges, papers, and bills unpaid.

"My dear Mrs. Lindstrom," I replied, as I looked over at her, "there is absolutely nothing so welcome around a newspaper office as news—with the possible exception of hard, glittering money. I should most

certainly appreciate any items that you might give us.

"Tank you so kindly," she said. "Vell, my poy Sharley he has got a fine position wit the street-car company over by Peoria. He is the—vot is it?—the motorman? Yes, dat's it—the motorman."

On a piece of copy paper I scribbled: "The many friends of Charles Lindstrom will be pleased to know that he has just accepted a good position with the street railway company at Peoria."

I READ it over to her and she beamed and smiled and bowed at every word. "Oh, tank you wery much," she said.

"You are wery, wery kind."

"Not at all, not at all," I replied. "I'm very glad to get it. And any time you have any item of news I would appreciate it very much if you would drop in and give it to us."

"Vy, tank you. I would be pleased to; you are wery kind," backing toward the door. "Tank you wery much," she said. "You are very kind. Good-by."

When my strange little visitor had gone I stepped into the back room and showed the local to Jim Peters, the foreman and first mate of our scanty newspaper craft. "And who may 'Sharley' be?" I asked.

Jim coaxed from his bony jaws a sawed-off Missouri meerschaum that had all but rooted to his mulatto teeth. "'Sharley,'" he said, "could bat .395 and field .980 in any booze-histing league in North America or the Philippine Islands. What he amounts to wouldn't make one decent, respectable syllable. He's a bum."

"With a mother like that? Well, he ought to be looked after by the State."

"Give him time," said Jim, vigorously adding to the smoke nuisance.

A day or two later Mrs. Lindstrom dropped into the office again.

"Good morning, Mister Editor," she said, bowing low, with a smile that seemed to include everything from the dirty dictionary in the corner to the old sample paper cases above my desk.

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Lindstrom," I replied, offering her a chair.

"No, tank you, Mister Editor. I can stay shust one minute. Would you care for a little piece of news?"

"I certainly would. And I appreciate your bringing it in to me," I replied, picking up a pencil.

"Well, Mrs. Peter Sandborg and Mrs. Shon Anderson was in Monmouth on Tuesday."

I scratched down the local. "Any more, Mrs. Lindstrom?" I asked.

"Let's see? Oh, yes! Mrs. Franz Holmer and little boy ate Sunday at the home of her father, Otto Lohgren, and family. Dat's all. Tank you very much."

Before I could turn from my writing she had bowed and smiled herself out of the office.

During the first months in the strange little town I saw a good deal of a Lindstrom. She would drop in at the office two or three times a week, bearing a local or two and a great heart of smiles.

She was a queer sort. As a rule she wore the oddest old baggy clothes, a little flannel tennis shirt-waist kind of contraption that was never tucked in around the waist—and the drollest wee bonnet that was continually bobbing from one ear to another. Her shoes belonged to the "flatboat" family and were lifted high and determinedly when she walked. She was a Swede by birth, and her forty years' residence in America had left her with a sweet inimitable broken dialect. But it was her manners and courtesy that transcend description. When she entered the sanctum she had a bow as charming and graceful as the curtsies of the dames of old and a smile that caused one to forget all about paper bills long since due and office rent and weekly wages. And with this smile and bow went the quaint, broken English. It is beyond reason to attempt either to give printed words the flavor of her accent or to suggest the smile as I would invite her to a chair by my desk. "Tank you very much" was on her lips at every move.

ONE morning, about a month after she had made her first visit, I asked her how her son Charles was getting along. For an instant the smile left her face and her eyes lost their twinkle. "Vel, he ain't working at Peoria no more," she replied slowly. "The job vas too hard on him. He ain't very strong, you know."

I was sorry that I had asked, and I immediately changed the subject, saying: "I hear Mrs. Bear has been granted a divorce. Could you tell me about it, Mrs. Lindstrom?"

Mrs. Bear was an intimate neighbor of my visitor's and I felt certain that she would know all the details. The charges the woman had made against her husband were unsavory, to say the least, and I was anxious to get the facts for that week's paper.

"Vy, I don't know anything about it," she said, smiling as she shook her head. "Ve hear lots, but ve don't know much. Vas you going to put it in the paper?"

"Why, yes—certainly."

"Vel, I don't know, but—" she hesitated—"only it's too bad for poor Mrs. Bear."

"Yes, but it's legitimate news, and my readers must have it. That's what my subscribers pay for, and if I don't furnish them all the news in this little end of the world I'm cheating them."

"Yes, of course you know," she assented. The old smile was on her lips as she rose and bowed her way toward the door. Her refusal to give me the story had been such a gentle rebuke that I did not stop her to argue longer on the ethics of the profession. I knew of twenty places where I could pick up the yarn in five minutes.

IT WAS a couple of weeks after this that I first noticed a shabby, disreputable-looking fellow loafing around the toughest pool-room joint in town. After I had seen him several times and decided that he was no transient, I asked Jim who he was.

"That's Charley Lindstrom turned prodigal again," he answered between puffs. "Suppose the old lady will kill the fatted calf for him as usual."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"Mostly his mother, I guess," he said.

"Better put in a local about his return, hadn't we? It would please Mrs. Lindstrom."

Jim zigzagged a negative sign with his corn-cob baton. "Don't believe I would, boss. Seems to me it would be doing her a favor to leave him out."

"Guess that's so," I said, turning back to my desk.

For the next few days I failed to see anything of

young Lindstrom, and then suddenly I heard that he was working at his old trade of carpentering. I was glad for his mother's sake, and the next time that she came into the office her smiles and twinkling eyes told of her happiness better than could her perverse little foreign tongue.

"My Sharley is working again," she said, after she had given me a local or two.

"Well, that's fine," I replied with a sincerity that I honestly felt.

"Yes, Sharley is a good poy—vhen—vhen he is—all right," she stammered, holding bravely to the smile that was on her lips.

BUT Charley's periods of being "all right" were short ones and appeared with sad infrequency.

Within a month he was mixed up in a drunken scrape and hustled over to the county jail on a charge of assault with attempt to kill. There was a woman in the case and one of our most prominent scoundrels



I read it over to her and she beamed and smiled and bowed at every word. "Oh, tank you very much," she said. "You are very, very kind."

lay in the city hospital with a bullet in his shoulder. Altogether it was a mean, nasty mix-up.

The yarn was worth a full column, and as I wrote it I thought of my little Mrs. Lindstrom. Just such stories and such family relations often present the most difficult situations that a country editor has to face. Old friendships and sentiment weigh up heavily against his responsibilities to his readers. Your city-bred reporter is calloused to the heart-breaking pranks of fate; principals in police-court cases are only people to him and not neighbors and old friends.

I HAD hardly finished pounding out the story on my old, weak-kneed, blind typewriter when Richard Strickland, cashier of the First National Bank and a cousin of the man whom Lindstrom had shot, came into the office. He spoke in a blustering, important manner that argued against him from the start.

"About this little shooting affair," he began. "Don't suppose you're going to say anything about it in the paper?"

"I don't know," I replied rather brusquely. "News is news. I don't see any way that I can get out of it."

"Guess you can just leave it out if you want to, can't you? You haven't printed it yet."

"No, but the article is written," I replied. "My business is selling news: my subscribers pay me a dollar a year to keep them informed of the things that are happening. I'm giving them short weight if they don't get all of it. And I don't propose to short-weight my customers. I'm not advising you how to run your business. Incidentally, I feel quite capable of running my own."

"This is a sort of special case," the banker continued. "Remember, it's no individual proposition. The First National and her friends would consider it a distinct favor if you would see fit not to mention anything about this little matter."

"You're business man enough and fair enough to see just the position I'm in, Mr. Strickland," I argued. "I should be only too glad to favor you ordinarily. This time my hands are tied."

My rich and powerful visitor got up from his chair. "The First National does two or three hundred dol-

lars' worth of business with you a year. There's a couple hundred more that it controls—possibly five hundred in all. We'd like to have that story kept out of the paper. Good day."

"Say! You and your bank and you—" but he turned his back and walked away.

When my face had regained its natural color and my nerves had quieted down again, I took the type-written sheets of the story to the back room and gave them to the foreman. After my interview with the banker I figured that I would give the story first position and run it under a plugged head.

All afternoon I was alternately angry at the cheap attempt at lobbying and proud of the independent stand that I had taken. No matter how much it would cost me I was determined to permit no interference. My course was clear and my one road lay straight ahead of me.

And then Mrs. Lindstrom came to see me. The boys in the shop had just gone home and I was sitting in the office glancing over the evening daily from our county-seat town. She stepped in, bowing and scraping as she always did, and with the same smile playing about her lips and eyes. She was dressed in her Sunday clothes, and I knew at once that she had been over to see her son at the county jail.

I wanted particularly to be very kind to her, so I drew up a chair by my desk and asked her to be seated. She thanked me as lavishly as if I had just saved her life, and then spoke of the weather as if it were I who had made the fall days so beautiful and golden. If anything, she was even more gracious and courteous than usual. The slightest ghost of an excuse brought smiles and bows.

AFTER two or three minutes' chat she asked me if I would be so kind as to care for a local item. Mrs. James Latman, it appeared, was very sick with typhoid fever, and Art Messick had just returned from a trip to Iowa, where he had gone to look after his farm. I took them down and was waiting for her to think up another, when she

asked me if I had heard about her son.

"Yes, Mrs. Lindstrom," I replied, "and I feel very sorry for you and for him."

"Tank you very, very much," she bowed. "You won't—you won't put anything into the paper, vill you?"

"My dear lady," I replied, a flush of anger mounting my face for the instant. "I have just lost five hundred dollars' worth of business by refusing to suppress the story. I trust that will express my views about the matter and relieve me of any further explanation."

"Ch! Oh! I didn't know dat," she said in a tone that seemed to drip from a heart that had been torn wide open.

Immediately I felt abashed at my unnecessary bluntness and severity. I explained: "You see, Mrs. Lindstrom, it wouldn't be fair to the readers of the paper not to tell them about this, the same as about anything else that happens. It's simply my duty, Mrs. Lindstrom. They're paying me for the news and I must give it to them. I'm very sorry about Charley, but I must publish it."

The old lady looked up at me, and her eyes were those of a whipped dog crawling to his master's feet. "You couldn't do dat to Sharley, could you? You couldn't do dat to Sharley—my Sharley? You couldn't, could you?"

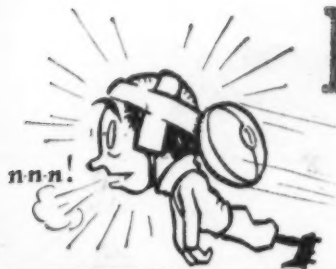
"My dear lady," I said, and there was no longer any need of attention to keep my voice soft, "you make it very hard for me. I will do anything I can to help you. If it is a question of bail or securing a lawyer or anything of that kind, you will find me more than ready. But you must see that I can't suppress the story. It's my duty to publish it. Can't you see?"

AGAIN those pleading eyes sought mine. "He's only a poy and he ain't really bad. He told me this afternoon that he didn't mean to shoot. He ain't bad, and he's just a poy. You von't put it in the paper, vill you?"

It was a big lump that I had to force down my throat when I answered: "But think of my readers, Mrs. Lindstrom. Just think—"

"I can't think of anybody but my liddle poy. He's in jail—in a pen wit bars and iron doors. My liddle poy is in jail. It don't seem but a few days ago since he vas here in my arms and I vas singing him to sleep. He had long, pretty,"

(Concluded on page 33)



Pickups & Punts

By Grantland Rice



Ballade of a Yale Lament

(Facing another mighty Harvard eleven with last year's 20-0 score in mind; also Mr. J. H. McCarthy)

I WONDER in what Isle of Dream
Another Hinky grips the foe?
I wonder on what spectral team
Big Hogan lays his rival low?
Or Gordon Brown, in ghostly glow,
Holding a rival charge at bay?
Their shadows drift in ebb and flow—
Where are the Coys of Yesterday?

I wonder, in the Crimson gleam,
When Thorne will strike another blow?
When Chadwick, under rushing steam,
Shall gain his twenty yards or so?
Can Butterworth no more bestow?
Has Bloomer vanished from the fray?
Where is the Glass we used to know?
Where are the Coys of Yesterday?

Blue ghosts of old, we see them stream
In valiant line, row after row;
Kilpatrick, stalwart and supreme,
Or mighty Sherwin's clutch of woe;
Do half-gods come when gods must go?
Has Ted Jones made his final play?
Must Yale clasp frost in Crimson snow?
Where are the Coys of Yesterday?

John Harvard's cheering echoes grow;
The Crimson line sweeps down the way;
For Hardwick's rush and Brickley's toe,
Where are the Coys of Yesterday?

The Ex-Goat Turns

THE worm and the barrel hoop are not the only things that will turn and strike when trodden upon. So will the Goat, using the tactics of the battering ram for this purpose.

Until 1912 twenty-five years had passed since Harvard obtained any hide from the Princeton Tiger. Until 1912 ten years had passed since a Crimson eleven had scored a touchdown on the Blue. This framed the most barren byway that a big eleven had ever known. But the Goat turned in 1912 and ran amuck. And in 1913 the Goat is still rampant, with the Tiger and Bulldog looking for a spot to land after the rude blow has fallen. For while Princeton or Yale may upset Harvard this season, we advise no earnest reader to wager his coin in that direction. Percy Haughton has picked up for 1913 where he quit that gray November day in 1912. He has lost one or two cogs from his old machine, but he has added others. In Eddie Mahan, they say over Cambridge way, he has the finest young football player that ever wore the Crimson hose.

Yale has a game fighting leader in Henry Ketcham and a sturdy defense. Princeton has speed and spirit and Hobe Baker. But judging from the first few games, neither has an eleven to curb Harvard's line of power—her thick red line of heroes—flanking an attack led by Brickley, Hardwick, and Mahan.

Harvard showed from her first battle this fall power, speed, and machine thoroughness. She has a defense built of stone and an attack that bludgeons and cuts. And unless early signs fail, Princeton and Yale must wait another year to avenge the 16 to 6 and the 20 to 0 assaults of a year ago. When an eleven has brawn, brains, speed, kicking, and machine play combined, the dope thereafter becomes fairly simple. Hence the crimson tinting to this brief sketch and the picture of a Goat ruling a reservation once guarded by a Bulldog and a Tiger.

Offside Plays

WE REMEMBER the village fat boy, suborned to break up the first V-rush that hit our town eighteen years ago. Two minutes later the game was called as we crated him home in a wheelbarrow. They've changed the rules since then, but there is still use for a wheelbarrow here and there.

Young America, reading football fiction, only yearns to be a substitute. No one else ever saves or wins the game.

"Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," if you want to. But come East if you want to make an All-America team.

Oct. 25

The Second Substitute

(A football fiction story as it is—not as it is written)

CHAPTER I

BILL ZOWIE was second substitute quarter on the Yalevard eleven. The day of the big game had arrived and his Jane was in the stand, waving a big green and yellow flag. She had agreed to marry him if Bill won the game.

CHAPTER II

The regular quarter and his first substitute both had their ears badly dislocated in the third quarter with the score 4 to 0 against Yalevard and the ball on the 10-yard line.

CHAPTER III

It was Bill's chance. He was called in to save the day in the final quarter. He promptly muffed two punts, missed four easy tackles, and balled up seven plays, leaving the score 34 to 0 against Yalevard at the finish.

CHAPTER IV

With the exclamation, "My Hero!" a fair girl, still waving a green and yellow banner, dashed at Bill as the game was over and, dropping said banner, embraced him and wept. When she saw Bill chasing five blokes over his own goal line at one time or another it looked to be a cinch that he belonged. She wasn't quite certain who had won, and Bill was too tired to tell her.

Hood Said Something

I REMEMBER—I remember
Long years ago this morn
How guards and tackles made me curse
The day that I was born;
They trampled on my face and neck,
Whereat it gives me joy
To think they'll kick my spine no more
As when I was a boy.

And as for Fables

ONCE upon a time Ty Cobb was beaten out of the batting leadership of baseball.

It was discovered at the end of the season that a rival cloutsmith had led Tyrus by 3 points—Tyrus that season only batting .376.

Moral—After a minute physical examination it was discovered that Cobb had been blind for two months and had lost both arms, a leg, and an ear.



The New Game

You can slip in revision of rules as you will,
But the thud of the tackle will cling to it still.

Seven Years on Top

BACK in 1907 a youngster by the name of Tyrus Raymond Cobb led the American League in batting with an average of .350. Six campaigns have drifted by since that date, but no one has ever caught and held him yet.

For two seasons Lajole, the veteran, gave him battle, and when the big Frenchman stepped aside from the top trail, Joe Jackson, the slugging youngster, resumed the chase. But of the many hundreds who have pattered along behind him, no one has ever caught Tyrus Raymond yet. Wagner led his league for six seasons, but this came from seventeen starts, while Cobb is now in his eighth campaign. Cobb batted .350 in 1907; .324 in 1908; .377 in 1909; .385 in 1910; .420 in 1911; .410 in 1912, and around .400 in 1913.

Wagner's average for seventeen seasons is .338; Lajole's for eighteen seasons is .354; Cobb's for eight seasons is .376. For combined ability to get on and get around, Cobb outclasses the field.

Ballade of Football Players

(Calling again on Mr. Henley's "Ballade of Dead Actors" for inspiration)

WHO for the tackle made that try?
Who was the bloke that smeared that play?
I lamped him with a glittering eye,
But for my life I could not say;
I see them sprint and buck away,
I pipe them as they twist and fall,
But as I try to spot each jay,
Into the pile go one and all.

Did Ketcham make that pass too high?
Did Storer hold that rush at bay?
I look on with a glittering eye,
But you can search me till I'm gray;
Who is the star of this here fray?
Who is the core that took that ball?
Good buck? Quite so! But by whom, pray?
Into the pile go one and all.

I watch the spirals twist and fly;
I see the big mass writhe and sway;
I look on with a glittering eye,
As I have said three times to-day:
Great game? You said it—Hip-hoo-ray!
Who made that run—Tom, Dick, or Paul?
They're off—and then without delay
Into the pile go one and all.

Week unto week I make survey
Of games for learned dope to scrawl;
A shout—a swirl of human spray—
Into the pile go one and all.

Western Football

LACK of football experience, both in school and college, is the main reason, so Coach Yost informs us, for the recent slump in Western gridiron stock.

"The handicap is a tough one," he says, "when the West meets the East. We have to send too many green men against too many veterans who have seen more than double the service our men have seen. The average number of games a Michigan captain plays in through his entire career is only fifteen or sixteen—frequently less—where in the East they get twenty-five or thirty. We have the material—but material needs experience as well as coaching. The West doesn't give it."

There must be some cause, for the West certainly has not had many elevens in the last eight or ten years to compare with the old machines turned out by Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, or Minnesota. And the chief defect, after watching these latter teams play, is the presence of so many who are apparently only learning the game—only edging into its mysteries at a time when the big elevens of the East have a prevalence of the finished product.

It will be interesting to see whether Michigan can obtain her revenge on Cornell and Pennsylvania, as the two latter look to be much stronger than a year ago.

The Grandoldwinterleague

ALL ball—with a lusty ball—the Grandoldwinterleague—that Eldorado of Dream when the tail-enders soars into first place, and when, of the sixteen big-league clubs, there is none so low as to do reverence to anything under third place—

When the frost is on the pumpkin but off the new recruit, and when "the team that beats us out" becomes the chorus of the winds—

When the Reds shall arise and inhabit the Promised Land and when the Naps at last shall come through with their flag—

When Evers and Zimmerman will start upon their way no more to the clubhouse uttering shrill, plaintive, birdlike cries athwart the umpire's pointed finger, and when Brooklyn fans shall chortle their supremacy over the Giants—

When Pittsburgh's mighty pitching staff is at its best and the vaudeville atmosphere is rife with ghosts of McCullough and Booth, as they watch with awe .300 hitters and .800 pitchers uplift the drama, proving beyond doubt that as actors they are among the finest batters and pitchers in the land.

Let us join the chorus with the only C. Dryden: "Three cheers for the national pesttime" of the year.



THE body, designed with cowl dash and full U doors with concealed hinges, is low, long and unusually graceful. The improved lines and additional grace is the result of a longer wheel base. For the wheel base has been increased to 114 inches.

But the price is lower than ever.

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But the price is lower than ever.

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But the price is lower than ever.

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The Willys-Overland Company,



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The Wireless Telephone

ALMOST simultaneously, from three widely separated nations, comes news of astonishing achievements in the almost magic art of telephoning without wires. First of all from Italy, where so much has been done in this field, Professor Vanni, the head of the military institute of wireless telegraphy, has been able to telephone over land and water from Rome to Tripoli, a distance of over six hundred miles.

Then Count Arco and his aids in the great wireless company of Germany, the Telefunken, established communication from Nauen to a dozen or more of their stations, and reaching as far as from Berlin to Vienna. Then, on the heels of this, Elman B. Myers, a twenty-two-year-old inventor of Albany, is arrested for making too free use of the air, in defiance of the new wireless law. It being alleged that he had talked from Albany to Brooklyn, and even many times this distance, his messages having been picked up as far as Charleston, S. C.

Finally, another young inventor from Tennessee has devised a light, portable apparatus which you can carry around with you if you want to go fishing a few miles out at sea, or talk to your neighbor at the next farm. All of these achievements, needless to say, meant the development of devices wholly new and even the discovery of quite new facts.

STRANGE WAVES IN WIRELESS TELEPHONE

ALL of these devices, like wireless telegraphy itself, rest upon the discovery of electrical waves by a young German, Professor Heinrich Hertz, nearly a quarter of a century ago. These waves are for all the world like light waves; in fact, they are light waves, only very long ones. Light waves are measured in one-hundred-thousandths of an inch, and even much less; but electrical waves may be miles in length. Those used by Professor Vanni and Count Arco are actually about a mile in length. But they are of a minuteness that simply staggers the mind when you attempt to make a picture of them.

If you drop a stone in quiet water, the ripples which run outward may have a quite considerable amplitude, as a professor of physics would say, so that if you could look at them in cross section, they might be an inch or even several inches from the top of the crest to the bottom of the next trough. Sound waves, the waves with which we speak and communicate with our fellow men, are about one-thousandth or even a ten-thousandth part of these dimensions; the loudest of them are about one-thousandth part of an inch.

The light waves and electrical waves are almost infinitely smaller. If you will try to think of a wave one-millionth of an inch in height, and a mile or even a score of miles from crest to crest, then you will get some sort of a mental picture of the waves used in "wireless."

HOW THEY ARE USED

OR better still, take Professor Vanni's amazing device. He uses what is known as the Moretti arc, devised by a young electrician of Rome. You are familiar with the ordinary big arc lights of the streets which flash between two large sticks of pressed carbon. Dr. Moretti's are flashes between two metal surfaces, and is so small that you might mistake it for a little atomizer, such as you use to spray your throat. The distance between the two surfaces, instead of being one-half an inch or more, as in the ordinary arc light, is only about a thousandth of an inch. Yet it was by means of this minute lamp, interrupting the current of the arc one hundred thousand times or more per second, that Professor Vanni was able to throw enough energy onto the "aerial" of his station to talk from Rome to Tripoli. But how he did it, and how all wireless telephoning is achieved, is far more astonishing than any mere question of dimensions.

Light waves and electrical waves as

The World's New Marvels

By Carl Snyder



well all travel at the same speed—at about one hundred and eighty-four thousand miles per second. Every time you interrupt the current of the arc you make a little wave, and, therefore, if you do this as Professor Vanni did, at from one hundred to two hundred thousand times per second, each of these little waves will be about a mile long; and they are not a millionth of an inch high, could be clipped off in a fashion to create sound waves in an ordinary telephone receiver? Yet this is precisely what happens.

WHAT THE VOICE DOES TO THE WAVES

INTO the circuit of the little atomizer arc is shunted, as the electrical men say, the secondary of an ordinary telephone transmitter, such as you use every day. Then the arc is set going, you talk into the receiver, and the invisible waves that go speeding through space at such incredible velocity and in such incredible numbers, have their heads chopped off a little, a ten-millionth of an inch here and a five-millionth of an inch there, with the result that a wave, exactly like the sound waves of your voice, is literally superimposed upon the electrical waves from the arc. Both sets of waves are carried up from the room where you are talking, by means of wires to the high antennae which hang from the familiar poles of a wireless station. As the waves rush outward, the ether, or whatever substance fills space, begins to quiver, not alone with these waves, but indirectly with the sound of your voice, and these quivers are carried hundreds of miles. But using the ordinary telephone transmitter, you cannot talk any great distance, because these waves die away just as do ordinary waves and sound waves. Their energy is frittered away into heat. So, to talk any distance, Professor Vanni had to devise an entirely new kind of microphone; you could not guess in a year what it was. Simply a thin little jet of water playing against two little metal plates. Between the plates and through the water flows an ordinary electric current; but one of the plates is attached to a little diaphragm like that in a child's telephone, and against this diaphragm you speak. This causes one of the little metal plates to quiver back and forth, varying the distance across to the other plate and hence varying the amount of current that will flow between them. It is this current, thus modified by your voice, which in turn modifies the trains of rushing electrical waves sent out by the tiny arc. Is it not astonishing that anything so simple could be used to such marvelous effect?

The principle of this device was thought out thirty years ago by Chichester Bell, a nephew of Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the magnetic telephone; but it was never put to any practical use before.

COUNT ARCO'S METHOD

THE device and the methods employed by Count Arco are as different from Professor Vanni's as anything well could be. You know that the electric currents which light our lamps and run our street cars are generated by machines called dynamos, and these are simply devices for whirling a coil of wire in front of a strong magnet. Every time the coil goes past the magnet a little electrical pulse is generated, first in one direction and then in the reverse direction. This reversal in ordinary machines takes place about sixty times per second. Count Arco employs a generator wherein

the reversal takes place ten thousand times per second.

Then by pitting one small dynamo against another, and this against a third, the frequency of these reversals is "stepped up" five or six times, and each time the frequency is doubled.

WIRELESS TALK FROM BERLIN TO VIENNA

THE machine is incredibly ingenious, and could only have been thought out after electricians had learned to play with electricity as an artist does with the colors of his palette. The method is far too technical to be described here, but the result is precisely the same as from the interruptions produced in the Moretti arc—that is, electrical waves with a "frequency" of one hundred and sixty thousand per second.

Of course the Telefunken machine is far more powerful than the Moretti arc, so that the waves it sends out will travel an immensely greater distance. The trouble is that it is too powerful and that there are no means now adequate to control it. To talk from Berlin (Nauen) to Vienna required a whole battery of transmitters of the most powerful type and a man with a very strong voice to talk into them. To telephone across the Atlantic, Count Arco estimated that it would require the equivalent of fifteen hundred or two thousand of the ordinary telephones you use every day!

But whereas the current in the ordinary telephone is so small that if you put three or four receivers on the line the energy will not be sufficient to make them all talk distinctly, the messages from Nauen were received by a dozen or more stations and could literally have been received by millions of stations if they existed. The electrical waves which travel out from Nauen, and from every wireless station, travel in ever-widening circles, just like the waves from the stone dropped in the pond; you will see, therefore, that at a distance of several hundred miles, the amount of energy which is intercepted by any single "aerial" is almost infinitely small—not a millionth or even a billionth part. So there could conceivably be a million wireless ears listening for the messages from Nauen just as easily as there were a dozen. It would be no more trouble in sending the messages and would cost no more.

"WIRELESS" VISION

AND this may be the use of wireless telephony in the future—that is, to distribute news and messages of all sorts from central stations to an enormous number of subscribers. And music, too, and possibly plays and pictures as well, for television—seeing through a wire—is not a long way off. And as soon as we can see through a wire we shall almost certainly be able to see equally well, and possibly better, without a wire—that is, by means of electrical waves.

It is worthy of note that speech by "wireless" is marvelously clear and distinct. You know that in an ordinary telephone the longer the distance the more the voice is blurred and distorted. In wireless there is no such blur or distortion. Speech is just as perfect at six hundred or seven hundred miles as it is at a single mile. The only requirement for talking across the Atlantic or the Pacific, or indeed quite around the world, is, first, a machine or arc capable of generating waves that will travel the required distance before they become damped down so far that they will no longer actuate a telephone receiver; and, secondly, of a microphone or transmitter powerful enough to modify these strong electrical waves into the forms of sound



and speech. No new form of receiver is required. It is of striking interest that the magnetic telephone devised by Professor Bell, now nearly forty years ago, remains still the most perfect and the most sensitive receptacle of electrical "sounds."

Dynamos or generators of sufficient power can now be built; indeed, one is now being set up at Nauen with which it would be perfectly possible to talk from Berlin to New York or Chicago—if only they had a transmitter of equal power! The microphone's the thing! Here is a great chance for the inventor. Like the Bell receiver, the carbon microphone discovered by Professor Hughes and developed by Edison and others, has been but little improved and long ago reached the limit of its capacity, which is only for the very weakest currents. The Vanni microphone will carry currents ten or twenty times as strong; but what is wanted is one hundred or one thousand as strong! Professor Pupin of New York, not to speak of hundreds of others, has tried to develop such a high-power microphone; and young Mr. Myers claims to have succeeded. But he will not say what is his device, and inventors since Keeley, who work in the dark, do not get full credit for their claims.

It is a tremendous opportunity and, despite the hundreds and thousands of failures, perhaps not at all an impossible problem, and one that may soon be solved. When it is, we shall talk with our friends at sea or from sea to land, or from New York to Peking almost as freely as we now talk to our neighbor in the next block. An opera performance in London or Berlin will be caught up by this new transmitter set about the stage and thrown into the air for all the world to hear. Meanwhile, if the young Tennessean, Victor H. Laughter, can make his small wireless phone cheaply enough, it may be that no farm or fireside will be without one.

What Are X-Rays?

EVER since Professor Roentgen discovered the mysterious "rays" which bear his name, it has been a puzzle as to what these rays could be. They seem

like a form of light—they give out light under proper conditions. Or rather they cause plates and screens prepared with certain chemicals to become luminescent or fluorescent, as the physicists say, when they are bombarded by the X-rays.

But otherwise they do not (or did not seem to) act like ordinary light at all. For example, when ordinary light is passed through a prism it is bent slightly



out of its straight-line course, and the degree of bending varies with the color—that is, with the wave length of light. So, when a compound light like sunlight is put through the prism it is split up into all the colors of the rainbow.

Again, ordinary light rays when passed through certain substances like turmaline are "polarized"—that is, only those vibrations which lie in a particular plane get through. And, again, it is possible to measure the "wave length" of ordinary light, even of those waves which lie far above and far below the limits of visibility. But all this was impossible with the X-rays.

LITTLE PULSES OF LIGHT

ON the other hand, as everybody knows, the X-rays are generated when a metal plate in a vacuum tube is bombarded by an electrical stream. It is one of the greatest discoveries of recent years that this electrical stream, this

beautiful glow which is seen inside the vacuum tubes, is due to myriads of electric "atoms" or particles which act for all the world like the particles of a gas—air, for example. But while the weight and "charge" of these electrical atoms can actually be measured, no such measurement could be made with the "X-rays." And so the puzzle remained.

Very recently, however, some English and German physicists have found substances which react in a very peculiar way to the X-rays. Certain crystals and the rough edges of mica plates and the like, it has been discovered, will act like a glass prism to the rays, so that the latter can now be manipulated much like the rays of ordinary light. And in this way it has been established that the rays are actually little pulses of light. But they are incredibly thin and small. Ordinary light waves are measured in fractions of a meter—very small fractions—to be exact, in millionths of a thousandth of a meter. A millionth of a meter is called a micron, and a thousandth part of this is called a micromicron. The longest visible rays are 700 or 800 of these units in length, and the shortest, at the violet end of the spectrum, are about 500. It is possible to measure ultraviolet rays which are less than 100 units in length. But no method of measurement has yet been devised which can give any accurate idea of the waves in the X-ray pulses. Probably they are not a thousandth part the size of the smallest of the visible violet.

BRILLIANT PROMISES

BUT now that their nature has been determined, now that they can be "refracted" and "polarized" just like ordinary light, it is only a matter of time when marvelous instrument makers and ingenious experimenters will find a way to determine their actual dimensions.

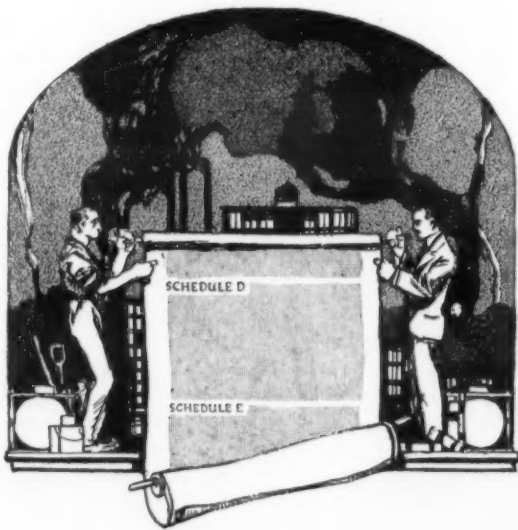
When they do we shall have a new weapon in the search into Nature's mysteries; and already researches in this field promise to throw new light upon the structure of atoms and molecules—that is, the structure of that "matter" amid which we live and a part of which we are.

Delusions of the New Tariff

By R. M. McClintock

THOSE standpatters who hail the result of the recent election in the Third Maine Congressional District as marking the end of the Progressive movement, and as indicating that the demand for the new politics was only an angry and unreasoned protest against machine domination in the Republican party, prove that they are still as blinded as they always have been to the underlying fact in American politics. It is true that the Maine election was, under all the circumstances, a Republican victory of no small magnitude. But the cause of progress is constantly attended by such setbacks as this Progressive defeat in Maine; there will be other and more serious disappointments before the new politics can expect that consideration which it must eventually receive.

The Maine election was decided wholly on the tariff issue—and the voters of the Third Maine District showed, by their vote, their continued adherence to the Republican doctrine of high protection. Other districts throughout the country, in the inevitable reaction that must follow the enactment of the Underwood Tariff Bill, undoubtedly will show Republican gains. As long as the tariff is the sole issue, or the preponderating issue, the new politics will be unable to get much of a hearing, especially as the Republican party has now taken over bodily the Progressive plan of tariff revision schedule by schedule, upon the advice of a permanent, scientific tariff commission. With the tariff issue, each Congressional district will vote Democratic or Republican, according as its people have, on the whole, been benefited or injured by the Underwood Bill.



But there are increasing indications that the tariff will not much longer be the one issue, or the big issue. Those who think the tariff has been vastly overestimated as to its effect one way or another upon the people of the nation, that it has been kept to the front largely by those interests and those politicians who, by a sham battle, wished to divert the people's attention from the really fundamental issues, are confident that at last the day is close at hand when the people's eyes will be opened.

The Underwood Bill will have been signed before this appears in print. Within a very few months its workings will have justified either the Republicans or the Democrats or the Progressives. The Republicans have staked the future existence of their party on the prediction that the Underwood Bill will cause a panic or, at the very least, a most serious disturbance of business. The Democrats have pledged that the Underwood Bill will reduce the cost of living, benefit labor, if not by an actual increase in wages, at least by a relative increase, and greatly stimulate business. The Progressives have warned the people that very little can be expected from downward revision of the tariff toward the reduction of the cost of living or the fairer distribution of wealth, and that no lasting benefit can come to the workmen and consumers of the country until business is controlled by the Government in the interest of the people, and until there is definite affirmative, national legislation for the protection of workmen and for cooperation between producers and consumers.

Already there are those who believe they can discern on the horizon indications of what may be expected from the tariff bill. As to the Republican bog of a general panic, that, apparently, can be dismissed at once. There is not observable even the slightest sign of a panic. On the contrary, there are signs that, following the enactment of the Underwood Bill, business in general will be considerably stimulated. The uncertainty that has existed ever since 1910, when it became apparent that the Payne-Aldrich Bill had been rejected by the people, has vanished; industry



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Nightshirts, Nightgowns, Pajamas, Sleepers

Made in a delightfully satisfying variety of styles and weights.

For Men, Women and Children All the Year 'Round

A new and higher standard of sleepingwear quality! That's what everyone says—dealer and wearer alike. Such fabric—such needlework—such painstaking care in the details that every woman loves—this with the common sense ideas that have gone into the making of this sleepingwear in our great sunlit factory has won instantaneous approval.

Foot Pockets, etc.

Some numbers are made with Foot-pockets, Detachable Hoods, etc., affording the wearer a form of comfort and protection, unique, absolutely original as applied to popular priced sleepingwear. The only popular priced hygienic nightwear in existence. Twelve most practical features!—all described in our book.

Write us for the 1913 "Nightie Book"

A human interest book telling how to keep well and sleep well. Pictures, prices, describes entire line. Tells how you can see these health and comfort garments without expense or obligation. Write for book today. If your dealer can't supply you, we'll arrange so he can.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 46 DUBUQUE, IOWA

DEALERS—Representation wanted in every first-class store.





Is Your Family Eating This New Dish?

Do your little folks, big folks—all—know the richness and delicacy of Heinz Spaghetti?

A different—*better*—kind of Spaghetti—with a new-found flavor. And *cooked—all ready to serve*.

It required years to develop the delicious *piquant* taste. We use choicest Spaghetti, special imported cheese and the rich, appetizing Heinz Tomato Sauce. *That's* the secret of the blend.

Heinz Spaghetti

One of the 57 Varieties

is not only a dish for the epicure, but one of the world's greatest foods. Rich in protein—the food-factor that means sturdy bodies, active brains. Already it is a leader in popularity among the 57 Varieties.

Get a tin of Heinz Spaghetti today from your grocer under Heinz guarantee of money back if you don't pronounce it the best you have ever tasted.

Others of Heinz 57 Varieties are: Heinz Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Euchred Pickle, Tomato Soup, Chili Sauce, Peanut Butter, Mince Meat, etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.

50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Model Pure Food Kitchens Every Year.



new knows the basis on which it must do business, at least until after the next Congressional elections, and without much doubt until after 1916.

In some States and in certain localities the new tariff will probably have a more or less blighting effect upon certain industries, and those States and those districts will probably in 1914 elect Republican Senators and Representatives. But unless circumstances now utterly unforeseen arise, it is difficult to see where and how the Republicans are going to justify their gloomy predictions that disaster must of necessity follow a Democratic revision of the tariff. And if the nation is as prosperous, on the whole, following the passage of the Underwood Bill as it was before, upon what issue will the Republicans appeal to the country in 1914 and 1916?

WHO CAN MITIGATE OUR CROP SHORTAGE?

BUT if there are indications that Republican statesmen must prepare some mighty ingenious explanations, there are strong possibilities that the Democrats also will be greatly embarrassed in attempting to justify their rosy promises of 1912. It happens that the Underwood Bill, placing farm products on the free list, and, according to promise, thus reducing materially the cost of living, will go into effect the very year of the greatest crop shortage the United States has known in many years. The Government crop report of September 1 indicated that the composite average of all crops was 10.1 per cent lower than the ten-year average.

This shortage will, therefore, fully test the efficacy of free trade as a reducer of the cost of living. All farm products of which there is a shortage in the United States are on the free list of the Underwood Bill. Since these foodstuffs may be admitted from other nations, therefore, will not the result be, if not lower prices, at least the prevention of an increase in prices? Will not foreign importations make good the American shortage and hold the cost of living normal? If so, the Underwood Bill will have justified both itself and the Democratic party. But the big shortage in the United States is of corn and other crops used largely for stock feed. And from what country may we expect importations of corn? A corn shortage means an increased price of meats—again unless foreign importations hold down the price. Meat dealers do not expect such a result; they know the world's stock of cattle is decreasing; therefore they are even now predicting that meat will reach new high records this winter. Apples are short almost 50 per cent, potatoes nearly as much; both will be higher in price than last year, unless foreign importations offset our shortage. And from what countries may large importations be received?

THE TEST WILL LIE IN YOUR INCOME

THERE is every indication, therefore, of an actual increase in the cost of living in 1914, instead of the decrease that the Democrats said would follow a lower tariff. If prices are higher, then the condition of the workingman will not be improved unless he receives an actual increase in wages. He is far more liable, in some industries, to receive a decrease, for many manufacturers have

already threatened such a proceeding, if for no other reason than as a punishment to their employees for having voted the Democratic ticket.

Just how greatly business will be permanently stimulated, if at all, by the Underwood Bill, time alone will tell. With a probable increase in the cost of living, however, and with wages remaining stationary, which is certainly the best that may be expected for the present, it will be a good while before the effect of a stimulated business reaches the people, especially as there is no compulsion of any kind put upon industry to make it share prosperity with the people.

It is not the intention in this article to predict dire disaster for the country. There is no indication of any such calamity. But, on the other hand, neither does it appear there is in prospect any material improvement in the condition of the average man. It looks, therefore, as if the future might hold some interesting moments for those politicians, of both old parties, who have for so many years preached that tariff revision, up or down, meant the solution of the nation's problems.

It is necessary that the people should be taught the relative insignificance of the tariff before they can be prevailed upon to devote their attention to other and bigger problems. Unless all signs fail, they are to learn, within a very few months, how slight is the effect of the tariff, either high or low, upon the income of the average man.

And when the people learn this, will they not discover the necessity for Government control of business; for Government-encouraged cooperation between producers and consumers; for national legislation protecting the workingman and guaranteeing him a larger share of the wealth he creates? Will they not then turn, even in the Third Maine District, to a party that promises something more fundamental in the way of reform than either of the old parties now promises?

SOME PARTY MUST SOLVE THE PROBLEMS

THE ultimate triumph of the new politics is certain. Whether it shall triumph through the Progressive party cannot be foretold. That party will doubtless be its medium if the Progressive party holds together. If those weak-kneed Progressives who want office more than the victory of great principles secure control of the new party, and, discouraged and defeated by a few defeats, betray it to the Republican party, sell it out for the money that the big protected interests furnished so lavishly for the Republicans in Maine, and with which they are now preparing to flood Massachusetts, then the new politics will have to seek some other medium through which to work.

It doesn't make a bit of difference under which party name our big problems are solved. The important question is that their solution should be undertaken at the earliest possible moment. And, despite the result in Maine, there is every indication that the tariff will hold a lesser place in the campaign of 1914, and certainly in that of 1916, than ever before in our political history. And that promises nothing but good for the future of our country.

Hetch Hetchy

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THERE is a great difference between the need of San Francisco for a new water supply and the need to take for that supply a watershed of the Yosemite National Park, involving 500 square miles of magnificent scenery. The array of influence in support of the bill does not alter the principle involved: It merely proclaims that, following the program of the city, these excellent gentlemen are willing to disregard this principle. The principle is that *except for some reason of supreme necessity* these national parks, the playgrounds and health resorts of the future, shall be preserved in their integrity. It is not enough for the city to show that the park is a convenient, economical, or desirable source; it must show that there is no other adequate supply. If the city can get the supply elsewhere, why not save the park? Why was it created?

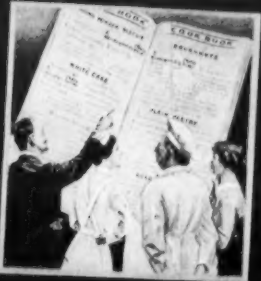
Now the Secretary of the Interior directed the city to investigate all other

sources and sent an advisory board of army engineers to make a similar investigation. To be of value, each of these should have been candid, complete, and thorough, in justice to the whole people, whose rights in the property to be given away are paramount. Neither report was complete and thorough, and, as I shall show, the city's was not candid. The army board's was candid in saying that its own was not complete and thorough, and that the city's investigation was not complete and thorough except as to the Tuolumne (Hetch Hetchy) and Sacramento watersheds. It further stated that there were other sources which, combined with the present supply, would solve the problem, which was one *simply of cost*.

Now San Francisco, a party in interest, submitted its data to the army board, and these data were the basis, in part, of their report. Did it submit all of its material? No, it withheld a report made by its own chosen expert, Bartell, showing

The Story of Crisco

615 Tested Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners by Marion Harris Neil



This Handsome Book

contains the interesting story of Crisco, its discovery and manufacture. In addition—and you will be especially interested in this—it contains 615 original tested cooking recipes, and 365 dinner menus, by one of the foremost authorities in the country, Marion Harris Neil.

How many times have you asked "What shall we have for dinner?" Miss Neil's Calendar of Dinners answers the question. The menus tell what, and the recipes tell how. The menus are dated, so that each is seasonable. They are not elaborate; they are such as the average family would desire. The book is bound in stiff blue and gold cloth, with a cover design by Brehm; attractively illustrated throughout, and is something which you will use constantly.

In order to limit the circulation to those who really want it, a nominal charge of ten cents in stamps or coin is made. Address Dept. P10, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.



that another source, the Mokelumne watershed, could probably furnish 432,000,000 gallons per day, which would be more than ample. This report apparently gave the death blow to the Tuolumne (Hetch Hetchy) scheme. Was it published and refuted in the forum of public discussion? Was it shown to the army board and a special investigation requested of the board to show its truth or absurdity? Oh, no, it was quietly pigeonholed, and another report, presenting the Mokelumne resources at 60,000,000 gallons, was obtained and presented to the army board and to Congress. Is this coming to the people with clean hands?

One word more about the Bartell report. It was not prepared by an emissary of John Muir and the other "nature lovers"—a new term of opprobrium for the majority of the American people—but by the city's own expert, and it was strengthened by manuscript comments by Mr. Marsden Manson, who, along with Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, acknowledged before the Senate Public Lands Committee in 1909 that the city could get its supply anywhere along the Sierra by paying for it. Has anybody denied that Phelan and Manson made this confession? Moreover, has anybody denied the truth of it—that the city could get its proper supply elsewhere? Not a soul.

NOW, what are the people called upon to sacrifice—not for the lives or the health of San Franciscans but for their pockets, granting them a franchise which the army board estimates as worth \$45,000,000 of electric power, which they may sell to recoup themselves for the vast cost of the proposed system? Mr. Kahn of California speaks of the Hetch Hetchy as a "basin" in one corner of the park, remote, inaccessible, mosquito-ridden. Time was when the Yosemite Valley itself was all these; would it have been wise to turn it into a reservoir for San Francisco?

THREE OTHER POINTS

(1) The valley is to be "improved" by drowning, changed from a "mosquito swamp" into a beautiful lake. This reminds me of Dr. Channing's reply to some one who spoke slightly of "mere morality." "That," said the doctor, "is like saying: 'Poor God! with no one to help Him!'" How unfortunate that these tinkers of nature could not have been consulted in the creation of the Hetch Hetchy! The fact is (as Frederick Law Olmsted, the elder, said) that the effect of these superb gorges consists in the contrast between sublime, rugged walls and beautiful floor vegetation; and to cut down or drown out the underbrush and great trees is to destroy the units by which gradually the mind climbs to a comprehension of the vastness of the whole. Moreover, it shuts out the campers.

(2) California, it is claimed, has the greatest interest in preserving its wonderful scenery. This is a rank begging of the question. It ought to have, but has it shown it? Has the State done anything to protect the Calaveras trees, or Mount Lassen, or Mount Shasta, or the Humboldt County redwoods? It is the United States, not California, that has saved her great scenery.

(3) Last of all, it is said that the public is not to be excluded from the northern half of the park. The plain fact is that if the city takes the Tuolumne and Hetch Hetchy it must have the whole watershed—the whole 500 square miles—to protect itself. The necessary sanitary regulations will exclude the public from the free use of the park—such a restriction as the one in the bill that no refuse is to be deposited within 300 feet of a stream, for the park is a network of streams!

To sum up, this is a new conflict of commercialism with the interests of the people. Take out of the bill the right to sell electric power, and the city will withdraw the measure at once. The amazing thing is to see conservationists like Pinchot and the progressives recanting their creed and becoming in this instance deconservationists, willing to destroy one of the most beautiful of God's creations, one of the possessions of the people, the world, and the future—all for the convenience of a city that can get its water supply, as its officials have confessed, "anywhere along the Sierra by paying for it!"

Respectfully yours,
ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.



Mothers of a Hundred Nations Served Quaker Oats This Morning

Think of that—you who serve a less delicious oat food. Millions of people send thousands of miles to get the flavor of Quaker Oats.

They send from Scotland for it.

They send from climes so distant that your evening is their morning.

All to get such luscious oats as no nearer mill supplies. These rich, plump grains, these mammoth flakes with the flavor kept intact.

The world consumes a thousand million dishes yearly of these far-famed Quaker Oats.

You need send but a little way—to the nearest grocery store. And you need to pay but one-half cent per dish. Yet some of you are serving oats without this wondrous flavor.

Quaker Oats Made to Win the Children

Quaker Oats is not made from the grains as they come. We pick out the big grains—the grains with the flavor.

We pick them so carefully that we get from a bushel only 10 pounds of Quaker Oats.

Then these choice grains go through a process which preserves the flavor.

We do this to win children to oatmeal. The oat grain holds a wealth of elements which growing children need.

It is the richest of all grains in phosphorus and lecithin, of which brains and nerves are made.

Oats have been known for ages as the vim-producing food.

So modern mothers, all the world

over, want their children to love oats.

Then serve the oats they love. Serve just the luscious grains. They are picked out for you in Quaker Oats, and made to be delicious.

Others cost the same per package and the same per dish.

**Regular Size
package, 10c**

**Family size
package, for
smaller cities
and country
trade, 25c.**

Except in Far
West and South.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(467)

Look for the
Quaker trade-mark
on every package

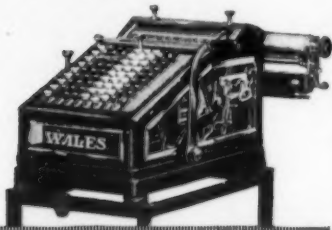
More work?



Greater ease?



A bigger job?



What do you see in an adding machine?

Some bookkeepers see in an adding machine only a device by which the employer gets more work out of the bookkeeper.

Some bookkeepers see in an adding machine a means of saving time and making work easier.

Others see in an adding machine the means of improving their status as bookkeepers, of increasing the scope of their work or their opportunities for advancement or the salaries they can command.

What do you think?

\$50 in cash for the best answer!

To the bookkeeper who writes us a letter giving the most explicit, most helpful statement of his views or experiences as to adding machines—favorable or unfavorable—we will pay **\$50. cash**

For the next best letter we will pay **\$25. "**

For each of the five next best we will pay **\$10. "**

For the 25 next best letters we will pay, for each **\$ 5. "**

Say exactly what you think

It makes no difference whether there is an adding machine in your office or not. Your opinion will be valuable in either case. If there is no adding machine, in your office, you can tell us whether you, personally, would like to have one or not, and why you would or would not. If there is an adding machine in your office, you can tell us how it helps you in your work, if it does, and to what extent it has increased your earning capacity, your efficiency, if it has.

We should like to know what you think, what you feel, what your experience has been, what your opinion is—whether favorable or unfavorable—to adding machines or to us.

Why we value your opinion

What bookkeepers think about adding machines directly and vitally affects our market.

The more that bookkeepers realize how adding machines lighten labor, the more machines will we sell through their influence.

The more that bookkeepers see how adding machines broaden the scope of the bookkeeper's function, put a premium on brain work and originality, the greater will grow the demand through bookkeeper interest.

The more that we know about bookkeeper's experiences with adding machines—about whatever advantages or disadvantages they have found in use—the better prepared are we to sell the Wales. Because we will know better what features of the Wales will appeal to bookkeepers, the actual users.

We take this means, therefore, of gauging the present mental attitude of bookkeepers towards adding machines—so that we may the more intelligently plan our advertising and sales work.

How we will judge your letters

Literary quality will not be the basis of our judgment of the letters we receive. We are not particularly concerned as to the way you express yourself.

We make no restrictions as to brevity or scope of subject matter.

What we will value most will be the letters which will give us the clearest insight into the actual present attitude of bookkeepers towards adding machines.

What we are looking for is your candid opinion.

No office secrets wanted

Of course, we do not want you to give us any information or go into any detail that will jeopardize your employer's interests in the least.

You need not consider that you have committed yourself or your employer to the purchase of the Wales Visible Adding and Listing Machine by submitting your opinions. Should we, in the usual course of our sales work, approach your employer, we will not refer to you, in any way, unless you request it.

Fill out and pin the coupon below to your letter before mailing. Or, instead of using coupon, state that you saw this ad in Collier's and give other information indicated.

WALES
Visible Adding and Listing Machine



(Collier's Oct. 25)
Adder Machine Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Gentlemen: In the attached letter I tell you what I think about adding machines.

My name.....

Company I am with.....

Address.....

The Highways Congress

(Continued from page 6)

a road across the State of Missouri as anywhere. Oh! I got the State's rights all shot out of me in a four years' campaign a good long while ago. I have been reconstructed ever since. We would have had good roads before this if it hadn't been for one man—I promised not to mention his name again; let him, too, rest in oblivion till Gabriel blows his trumpet, and he will have to blow a second time to wake him—James Buchanan, the man who killed national good roads!

"It is the nation's right and the nation's duty to provide the great national highways. It isn't any question of Federal aid. I don't believe in it. I used to use the word. I don't any more. It is the nation's duty, not to help build but to build and maintain the nation's highways. You talk about the State helping. Whose money is it that the nation has, if it isn't the State's?"

WHO WANTS GOOD ROADS

AFTER this pepper-box utterance, which was loudly applauded, as indicative of one of the states of mind of a large number of the delegates, the Judge passed on to pay respects to Congressman Dorsey W. Shackelford, who is chairman of the House Committee on Good Roads. The Congressman has a scheme for Federal appropriations year by year for road building, to be allotted by counties or Congressional districts, or something like that, and the Congressman is some politician, believe the automobilists! He appeared to tell the Detroit congress all about his plan on the day on which the American Automobile Association had charge of the session, and unhesitatingly antagonized his audience in a speech alleged to have been made for home consumption.

The people who want good roads, the Congressman declared, are divided into two classes—those who want tourist roads and those who want business roads. You people here want the Government to take forty or fifty million dollars and build ocean-to-ocean highways of great perfection for you to ride upon in ease and luxury. The business roads class are the farmers and small merchants, who want roads from the barnyard to the market. They are not here this morning; they are at home sowing wheat and shucking corn; they have neither time nor money to come to a good roads congress; but I am for them. I want to see a general system of average roads instead of a few high-class boulevards. You want 50,000 miles of expensive touring roads built in forty years. I want 1,000,000 miles of business and post roads built in five years.

"Pork-barrel talk," shouted Judge Lowe, when he got upon his feet a day or two later to talk about something else, but didn't.

"That Shackelford scheme"—he was beginning to fumble at his cravat and collar—"is nothing but pork-barrel legislation. See what it would mean: the appropriation of vast sums of money at the behest of Congressmen. I once heard a Congressman, who had just been elected in Missouri, tell his constituents: 'Fellow citizens, I'll bring you home everything that ain't too hot or too heavy to carry.' And," declared the Judge, "they applauded that. They thought that was statesmanship. Well," he added, "we are getting beyond that now."

"This Shackelford scheme would take the Federal money not to build a great system of national highways, but to build the political fences of Congressmen. It would build two or three miles of good road in each county in the nation—roads that began nowhere and ended nowhere. It would not be a system; it would not be national; it would be of no national service; by the time the last of the Government millions had been expended you could hardly find where the first of it went."

"Take Michigan," he shouted: "one of the States that we all know has done the very best in road building. Michigan has hundreds of miles of good roads, but beginning nowhere, going nowhere, and ending nowhere. You cannot ride on a State road—a State good road anywhere in Michigan—for more than a few miles."

It should be interpolated here that on the following day the president of the Michigan Good Roads Association, Philip

T. Colegrove, while acknowledging the criticism of Judge Lowe, showed that the last State Legislature had now passed the State Trunk Line Bill, so that in addition to the system of rewards by which the State had paid out in the last year to the counties which had built roads of standard grade from classes "A" to "F" the sum of \$320,392, there was now in process an adequate system of trunk roads that did "begin somewhere, go somewhere, and end somewhere."

But, returning to Lowe and his fiery apostrophes.

"And where are the railroads on this plan?" he suddenly demanded. I want to know. Do they favor a national highway system, built and maintained by the National Government? Or do they stand in the same place they did on the waterway appropriation? Are they with Shackelford?"

The Judge did not answer his own question, but his manner indicated strongly that he had more than a suspicion that they were. And then by a flail-like sweep of his arm the venerable disputant brushed the whole thing out of consideration, declaring with a vehemence so hot and yet so vindictive that it was laughable: "I dismiss Shackelford and the Congressmen who agree with him to that oblivion which they deserve."

But the Judge was by no means finished with the paprika. Instead, it appeared that he was saving a whole bottle of tabasco sauce for the Bourne proposal.

A NOTABLE SCHEME

SENATOR BOURNE is chairman of the joint Congressional Committee on Federal Aid in the Construction of Post Roads. His plan proposes the issuance by the Federal Government of one billion 3 per cent fifty-year bonds. These bonds are to be sold and the proceeds allotted among the several States on a defined pro-rata basis, but each State is to issue its own fifty-year 4 per cent bonds, to be held by the Federal Government as security for its apportionment. The difference between the 3 per cent interest paid by the Government to the bond buyers and the 4 per cent paid to the Government by the States will, in fifty years, provide a fund sufficient to redeem the entire issue, and the State's bonds are then to be returned to the State canceled. Under Senator Bourne's table, the amount available, for example, to New York would be something like \$150,000,000, or to New Mexico \$27,000,000.

It is further estimated by the Senator that the expenditures of this sum would call forth other expenditures by State, county, and private interests of at least two dollars for one, and so he entitles his proposed bill, a "suggested plan for the intelligent and practicable expenditure of \$3,000,000,000 during a period of fifty years," etc.

"Three billions of dollars!" spouted the Judge. "Do you know how much that is? I haven't the faintest conception and neither had he. I am surprised that the magazines comment admiringly on this plan of returning the State bonds in fifty years canceled! My heavens! Why not? You've paid for 'em. It ties you up for fifty years and perhaps exhausts your bond-issuing power. If that's national aid, good Lord, deliver us from national aid! If a road is a local road, the Federal Government has no right to take a hand in its construction. If a local road becomes a national thoroughfare, it's the nation's concern anyhow."

"RECOMMENDING" OF HIMSELF

THE same morning that Judge Lowe was dealing condemnation about him with so fiery a tongue and so discriminating a brain, Colonel Sidney Suggs of Oklahoma got upon the boards and contributed many experiences, a few good ideas, and much hilarity to the congress. Colonel Sidney is not handsome to look at. His face wears an expression of habitual pain, not a mild pain either, but a very painful sort of pain, which it would seem nothing less than an operation for appendicitis could relieve. Yet when Colonel Suggs rises to speak we discern that, in part, his face belies him. He is not an unhappy soul, but a jovial one. Part of the pain, too, disappears. We conclude that it was induced by sit-

The All-Weather Tread

Another Goodyear Invention

A Smooth Tread on Dry Roads—An Invincible Grip on Wet

Now comes the solution of the All-Weather tread. The tread for all wheels and all seasons.

As smooth as a plain tread on dry roads. Equally economical. Yet grasping wet roads with a most tenacious grip.

It outsells smooth treads now with users on the largest-selling tires in the world.

Deep, Sharp-Cut Flat-Top Blocks

Safety suggests, to every motor car driver, the universal use of anti-skids.

But smooth treads were better and more economical for 90 per cent of one's driving. So many added chains on wet roads.

Now Goodyear has an anti-skid which presents a smooth tread to dry roads. The projections are broad and flat. They are regular, so they cause no vibration.

The blocks widen out so they meet at the base. Thus the strains are distributed over the fabric the same as with smooth-tread tires.

It was separate projections—centering the strain at one point in the fabric—which ruined so many anti-skids.

This All-Weather tread is an extra tread, giving double thickness. It is made of very tough rubber—toughened by a secret process—immensely wear-resisting.

The blocks are so deep—the rubber so tough—that the grips last for thousands of miles.

The block edges are sharp, and they stay sharp. Sharp edges alone can afford a firm grip. The edges are set at 45 degrees to face the skidding direction. Cars skid, we find, at 45 degrees.

Compare it point by point with others—its thickness, its toughness, its sharpness, its grip. Its regular projections, avoiding vibration. Its distributions of strains, its smoothness, its angles.

We don't need to argue that this tread excels any other anti-skid created.

The result is a universal tread. A smooth tread ready for any emergency. A durable tread. A cool tread, because of the swish of air.

Our sale is enormous. Men who know them will use nothing else.



Note the deep blocks, the sharp edges, the flat tops. Note the broad bases which distribute the strains. Note the perfect alignment to avoid vibration and give the smooth-tread effect.

This All-Weather tread is one of the many exclusive Goodyear features.

Here are three others—costly, vital features which no other maker offers.

These are the reasons why No-Rim-Cut tires dominate in Tiredom. After years of tests, no other tire compares with them in sales and popularity.

Things Found Only in No-Rim-Cut Tires

We control by secrecy the only feasible way to end rim-cutting.

No-Rim-Cut tires can't rim-cut—that we guarantee. Hundreds of thousands have proved this.

With old-type tires—clinker tires—31.8 per cent are discarded for rim-cutting only. Almost one in three. That is proved by statistics gathered for us by certified public accountants.

No-Rim-Cut tires are final-cured on air bags, under actual road conditions. This is done to save wrinkles in the fabric—wrinkles which shirk the strain. They cause countless blow-outs.

This "On-Air-Cure" adds to our tire cost \$1,500 daily—just to save blow-outs for you. All other tires are vulcanized on iron cores alone.

No-Rim-Cut tires employ a patent method to prevent tread separation. It cost us \$50,000. Hundreds of large rubber rivets run down through the breaker fabric, making the tread an integral part of the tire. This adds 60 per cent to the tread hold as proved by careful tests.

Thus we combat the three greatest tire ruins, in costly ways which no one else employs. Thus we save motorists millions of dollars.

Yet No-Rim Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. They used to cost one-fifth extra.

Our multiplied output and modern equipment have brought the cost down and down. And the savings all went to our users.

Go see these tires—see why they rule. One glance will show you a dozen advantages, and our dealers are everywhere.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON, ENGLAND

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO

Dealers Everywhere

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write us on Anything You Want in Rubber



"Good Store, John—

I notice most live stores carry Holeproof Hose"

AMERICA'S best stores sell Holeproof Hose simply for these reasons: The style is perfection, they are made in all weights, and every six pairs are guaranteed to wear six months—they often wear longer. They are made with the *softest* yarn men know, so they give the greatest *comfort*.

Any Maker Can Do It

Any maker can give a six-months' guarantee if he uses yarn like ours—if he does our

The Best Stores Know It

The *best* stores know that Holeproof is standard, that it lives up to these facts. That's why they sell it.

And a *million* customers, because they know too, now buy it in these stores. We have never had to replace for these customers more than 5 per cent of our output. 25,000,000 pairs, in the past 13 years, have outlasted the six months' guaran-

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

tee. Don't you think that is a wonderful record? Don't you want such hose?

Go See Them

See the new fall colors that are fashionable now. The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Write for your dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

These Hose at Common Prices

Holeproof in cotton, for men, cost from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a box of six pairs. For women and children, \$2.00 to \$3.00 a box of six pairs. For infants, \$1.00 a box of four pairs. All the above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk Holeproof for men, \$2.00 for three pairs. For women, \$3.00 for three pairs. Three pairs guaranteed three months.

Write for free book that tells all about Holeproof.



HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

Holeproof
SILK GLOVES
FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors. Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

ting on a platform and waiting for some one else to conclude speaking when he himself is particularly anxious to begin.

Colonel Suggs convulsed the convention with a story about a dandy's criticism of a certain orator that he spent most of the time a "recommending" of himself," which was indeed a rather happy preparation for Colonel Sidney's speech, since he did a considerable amount of recommending upon his own account, which, however, was highly in order, since the Colonel is a candidate for the Senate of the United States from that Oklahoma in which he has had his being for now some forty years.

However, it must be stated, in justice to the Colonel, he commended himself most by the unstrained humor and the sound, good sense of his position on the good-roads question.

SOME PROBLEMS NEW YORK HAS SOLVED

COLONEL SUGGS followed Judge Lowe in hinting at the immense amount of practical political plans for a great system of national highways, and appeared to sum up much wisdom in declaring:

"The natural development is for the nation to build the great trunk line highways across the country east and west and north and south; for the State to build trunk-line laterals into the national highways; for the counties to build their systems of laterals into the State roads, and for the townships to provide the barn door to county-road laterals, which would thus link up the whole system.

But by no means all of the time was devoted to questions of legislation and administration. There was a sufficient emphasis upon the practical issues of road building.

On the very first day of the congress Colonel William D. Sohler, chairman of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, told of inspecting 5,000 miles of the highways of France and England, going into illuminating details as to costs and methods. Upon another day John N. Carlisle, chairman of the New York Commission of Highways, one of the happy appointments of an ill-starred administration, told of the work going on under his hand. New York State, one way and another, has made available for highway building in recent years approximately \$100,000,000, and, in addition to road making, has had some experience in maintenance, and has worked out more or less satisfactory solutions of the vexing problems of relation between the State and county units, and, in some instances, the town units. In consequence, Mr. Carlisle's address was listened to with the greatest interest.

NOTHING SHORT OF A SECRETARY OF ROADS

THE Michigan Day session was a whole encyclopedia of practical experience, covering many phases from legislation to concrete, but which flowered out in a brilliant address by Governor Ferris in which, with a felicity of diction that I am told he is noted for, the executive set forth the moral and educational values of good roads.

Before adjournment the congress placed itself on record in a series of resolutions, which will probably be considered at length in the Good Roads Department of this Weekly, but the most striking feature of which appears to be the suggestion that a National Department of Public Works be created, headed by a secretary who shall be a member of the President's Cabinet, and having particularly in view the creation of a great national road system.

Life


By SADA COWAN

"**H**OW short is life," said the butterfly at the close of a day as she nestled among the field flowers, to rise no more.

"Life is short indeed!" said the man, after eighty years of laughter and tears, as he tottered feebly toward his bed to sleep his last sleep.

"Ah me!" sighed the Pleiosaurus, after having wallowed in the sands for over a thousand years. "Ah me! How short is life!" Great tears dropped from his eyes as he closed them for the last time.

CHENEY SILKS



Every Cravat Need

Every wanted effect in tubular ties is comprised in the Cheney line. There are plain and fancy weaves, woven and knit fabrics, Jacquard and print warp effects. There are not only the standard patterns, but the ever-changing styles of the hour.

At your dealer's.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street
New York

CHENEY
SILK
CRAVATS

THE ABILITY
TO
HANDLE MEN

Let Us Give You
"The Ability to Handle Men"

We want to send you free this brilliant little book from the pen of Thomas Dockrell, the business analyst. It contains a vital message for big men—made or in the making.

The ability to handle men is an absolute need of the executive—or the man who hopes to become an executive. Without it he cannot get the best work from his subordinates—the best co-operation from his associates and superiors.

It is not an inborn characteristic. Mr. Dockrell proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt. And he points clearly the way to acquire it.

The book contains not a word of advertising. But it is so completely in line with the great movement we are leading—the movement for scientific business—that we want every business man to read it.

We have already given away 20,000 copies. Every one has been passed from hand to hand. A single copy was read by fourteen men in the accounting office of the Union Pacific Railroad.

We are going to give away 100,000 copies. Simply write for one on your business letterhead or give your business position. It will be sent to you without the slightest obligation.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
41 Mercantile Library Building, New York City

Play Billiards
at
Home



\$100
DOWN

Prices \$15 Up

No special room needed. For \$100 or more down (depending on size and style), and a small amount monthly, you can have your own Table. Balls, cues, etc., free. Sizes, up to 4 1/2 x 9 ft. (standard).

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE.—On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 402 Center St., Portland, Me.



HORN Blanket Robes

Get into a Horn Blanket Robe tonight—enjoy real home comfort. They combine good taste and correct style with real quality—a combination that meets with little competition. At your service at all good furnishing shops. Priced from \$3.00 to \$20.00.

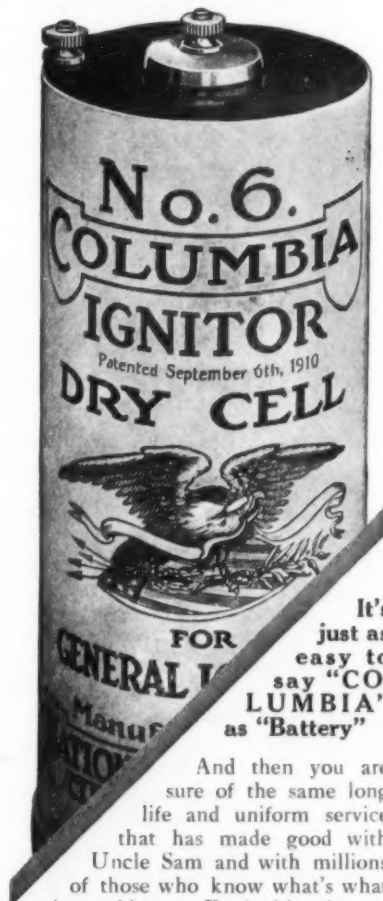
Look for the Horn Trademark

W. O. HORN & BROTHER

Mfrs. of "Panama Repp" and other fancy neckwear—Combination Sets, Evening Dress Neckwear, etc.

846 Broadway

New York



It's just as easy to say "COLUMBIA" as "Battery"

And then you are sure of the same long life and uniform service that has made good with Uncle Sam and with millions of those who know what's what the world over. For ignition, household or any other dry-battery purpose.

Convenient Fahnestock spring clip connections at no extra charge

National Carbon Co.
Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.

Nine factories in United States and Canada.

One Copy of Collier's

NANTUCKET, MASS.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

WOULDN'T you like to know just what happens to one copy of COLLIER'S—mine, for instance—before it is "cast as rubbish to the void"?

To begin with, my undergraduate nephew subscribed (and, postgraduate, still subscribes) for me, in order that, by means of its comprehensive illustrations, my disgraceful ignorance of "what is going on" may be somewhat mitigated.

He said that, although I refused to cultivate an intelligent interest in politics or athletics—for my busy but "limited" life doesn't even include a Current Event Class—yet while safely regaling myself upon the corking illustrations of COLLIER'S, I might without mental strain absorb some germs of ideas relating to affairs of national or even world-wide importance.

Very well, I regale myself. The pictures are "corking." So is the fiction. Also, I read all the advertisements, although I live in the only place in America, I am told, where automobiles are prohibited!

Often I find myself reading the Editorial Comments. Apparently "Aunt's" mentality is looking up.

Each week the paper goes with me to a church guild of young women. After the business of the evening is disposed of, COLLIER'S goes around with the other refreshments, and is equally enjoyed. Usually something is read aloud from its pages—a story, an article relating to "conditions" quite foreign to any that our island is familiar with. Sometimes it is an editorial paragraph, full of stimulating suggestion.

THE paper is taken home by one of the members, who lends it to her father and brother. They say it is "bang up." This young woman's husband is in the life-saving service. He has twenty-four hours' leave of absence weekly. When he starts back to the station, whether he takes the motor boat five miles up the bay and walks a mile or more across the beach to the station, or, as usual in winter, rows in his dory across the harbor to the tip of Coatsue, and then walks or drives up the long miles of the sand spit whose stunted cedars afford very little shelter from the fierce winds (wind-blown beach sand stings like hot needles), whatever else he has to carry, his first care is to stow COLLIER'S safely away for the hard journey.

The entire crew of the station reads the paper from start to finish. As one man they, too, pronounce it "corking." When the last man regretfully turns the last page I don't know what becomes of it.

Perhaps they kindle the fire with it (it's no good for lamp chimneys). Perhaps they toss it into the sea, and then it may be fished up by one of the lightships, or it may "get currented" and be swept over to the nearest land, which happens to be Portugal.

Now, of course, all these experiences do not tend to increase the paper's circulation, using the term in the publisher's sense, but as a leaven of the lump surely not much more could be expected of one copy.

I'VE just thought of something as I finished the last sentence. Truly, not till then!

Why wouldn't it be a joyous thing for some of COLLIER'S readers to subscribe for one or more copies to be sent direct to the life-saving stations along the coast? After feeding for weeks, perhaps months, upon a pile of stale magazines, with never a serial story intact, think of the delight of having regularly the latest issue of a paper like COLLIER'S addressed to one's own station and brought, with cover uncut, by the man who happened to be in town on the day it was received at the post office!

I happen to know what COLLIER'S means to one station, and I wish that my little story might prove convincing to some man or woman who has a few dollars to spare for relief of the boredom, or food for the intellect of the men to whom some day they may owe their own lives or the lives of those dear to them. MARY STARRUCK.



The DONCHESTER ARROW Evening SHIRTS

THE *Donchester* has a bosom that cannot bulge, because the end slides over the trouser band, keeping the bosom always flat and in its place.

\$2.00 and up



ARROW COLLARS

"WALDORF" WITH ROUND WINGS
"NEWPORT" WITH SQUARE WINGS
Have inserted tips, which make them strong where other wing collars are weak.

2 for 25 cents.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., Makers, TROY, N.Y.

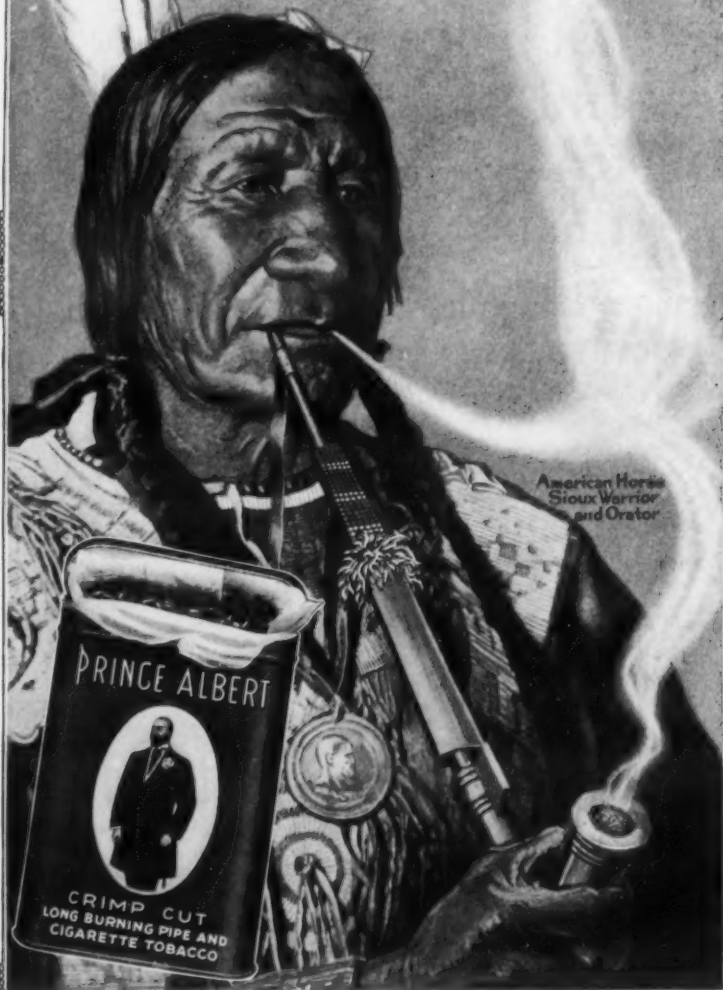
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

NIX on this "Indian-silence-under-torture" bunk. Believe us, his brand of endurance is counterfeit compared to that of the boys who smoke live-coal-on-the-tongue brands of pipe food and let on to be gleeful. But why put your tongue to the torture test, brother? P. A. can't bite, can't singe your lining. The bite's removed by our wonderful patented process.

P. A. is sold everywhere in topky red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound humidor.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Brickbats & Bouquets

THE secular periodicals that can safely be introduced into Catholic homes are growing fewer year by year. When the editorial staff of COLLIER'S was reorganized some time ago, the character of the articles that appeared in that "National Weekly" seemed to improve. But its subsequent reduction in price and its professed aim at a "wider appeal" have been followed by another lowering of tone. . . . There is one lesson, however, that the story may teach Catholics, namely: that COLLIER'S, like so many other cheap periodicals, should be kept out of the home.—*America* (The Weekly Catholic Review).

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Isn't COLLIER'S going it pretty strong lately on the injection of Catholic matter? The story of "The Canal Diggers Who Never Came Back" is a dandy piece of Catholic campaign literature. All the photographs show the cross in the foreground. Were all these Americans, all these Spaniards, all these Negroes, all these Frenchmen, all these Chinese, Catholics? Poof! Anybody knows better. I should like to know the name of that priest who worked the tombstone game. Some fellow is working overtime without regard to health or conscience.

And then that story about "Common or Garden Earth" contained a cute injection of churchly morality in the case of the girl who would not marry the man she loved because he had, in years before, been divorced from a woman who never loved him. When Diane said "my religion is me"; and when the writer said: "Not so does the Catholic Church train its daughters against the hour of temptation," some priest felt he had struck ten.

BARNEY E. ANTROBUS.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY seldom goes out of its way to say a good word for the Republicans or their policies, but is forced to admit the common sense behind President Taft's idea of a permanent tariff board charged with the duty of making a study of the relation between industrial life here and abroad and the effect of the tariff upon them, for the benefit of Congress.—*Pittston* (Pa.) *Gazette*.

Where, oh where is that great apostle of political independence—COLLIER'S WEEKLY! Where, oh where is Mark Sullivan and his pen! . . . As a matter of fact COLLIER'S magazine is simply an organ of the free-trade interests. It is the most vicious, the most unjust and the most uninformed assailant and critic of the policy of protection. No man can be honest, in the opinion of COLLIER'S, who consistently supports the principle of protection and no man can be wrong who advocates tariff reduction and free trade.—*Wheeling* (W. Va.) *Intelligence*.

Having appointed itself sponsor for the Democratic party and the American people generally, COLLIER'S WEEKLY continues to mention the two Senators from Louisiana as traitors.—*Fort Worth* (Tex.) *Star Telegram*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, ardent recruit of the Democratic Standpatters.—*Portland Oregonian*.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Mark Sullivan's comments on Senator Smoot in last COLLIER'S reminds one of the time when a little sarcasm would be used to damn an opponent when arguments were not at hand.

The fact that the Senator owns an interest in the "Herald-Republican" of Salt Lake City does not in the slightest detract from his greatness as a statesman, and the great State of Utah can well afford to feel proud of his achievements in Washington.

If your object was to inform your

readers that the once maligned and persecuted Mormon Senator from Utah has through sheer ability come to be recognized as the dominant figure on the Republican side of the United States Senate, you accomplished your purpose, but if you intended to make us believe that Senator Smoot had bought a little praise for himself, you most certainly failed. He doesn't have to. His great ability is too well known and too generally recognized throughout the country.

I. W. LANGAARD.

OAKLAND, CAL.

In your issue of this week, where is Mark Sullivan and his keen insight into the politics of Washington?

Presumably (I take it for granted) he is having a vacation. But, did you ever stop and consider that, in advancing the cause of the people, the one individual who can clarify the many pages of printers' ink sent out through the press and reduce it to subtle and understandable English should be kept on the job regardless of his individual preference for gold, or the idle halcyon days of the soul's desire.

Trusting that I will find his name on the front page of your next issue—still keeping up the good work with hammer, rapier, and tongs.

JACK F. COBB.

LINDSAY, CAL.

On the principle of offering expression of appreciation for laudable efforts toward the uplift of mankind, I wish to say to you how much impressed I have been since reading your paper by the, in my judgment, clean, and wholesome character of your editorial articles, and not less so by the uncommon frankness and fearlessness with which you handle your topics.

WILL H. SAVAGE.

COLLIER'S has always been a persistent worker after circulation. Its methods, though not new, are fairly effective. Its policy in arrogating to itself all the known virtues is often noticeable, sometimes tiresome. In its general and far-flung campaign of "exposure" it has sometimes been right; but it has always in this respect been of great assistance to its subscription solicitors.—*Seattle* (Wash.) *Westerner*.

COLLIER'S declares that "worry is diseased thought." Funny that patent-medicine fakers don't get busy and advertise a sure cure for that ailment.—*Haverhill* (Mass.) *Gazette*.

FIUME, HUNGARY.

I wish to add my word of appreciation and praise of COLLIER'S. I like the fearlessness and straightforwardness with which it approaches any subject and while it may not always be absolutely right its honesty of purpose should excuse the few mistakes it may make. I wish you "more power to your arm."

SAMUEL H. SHANK,

American Consular Service.

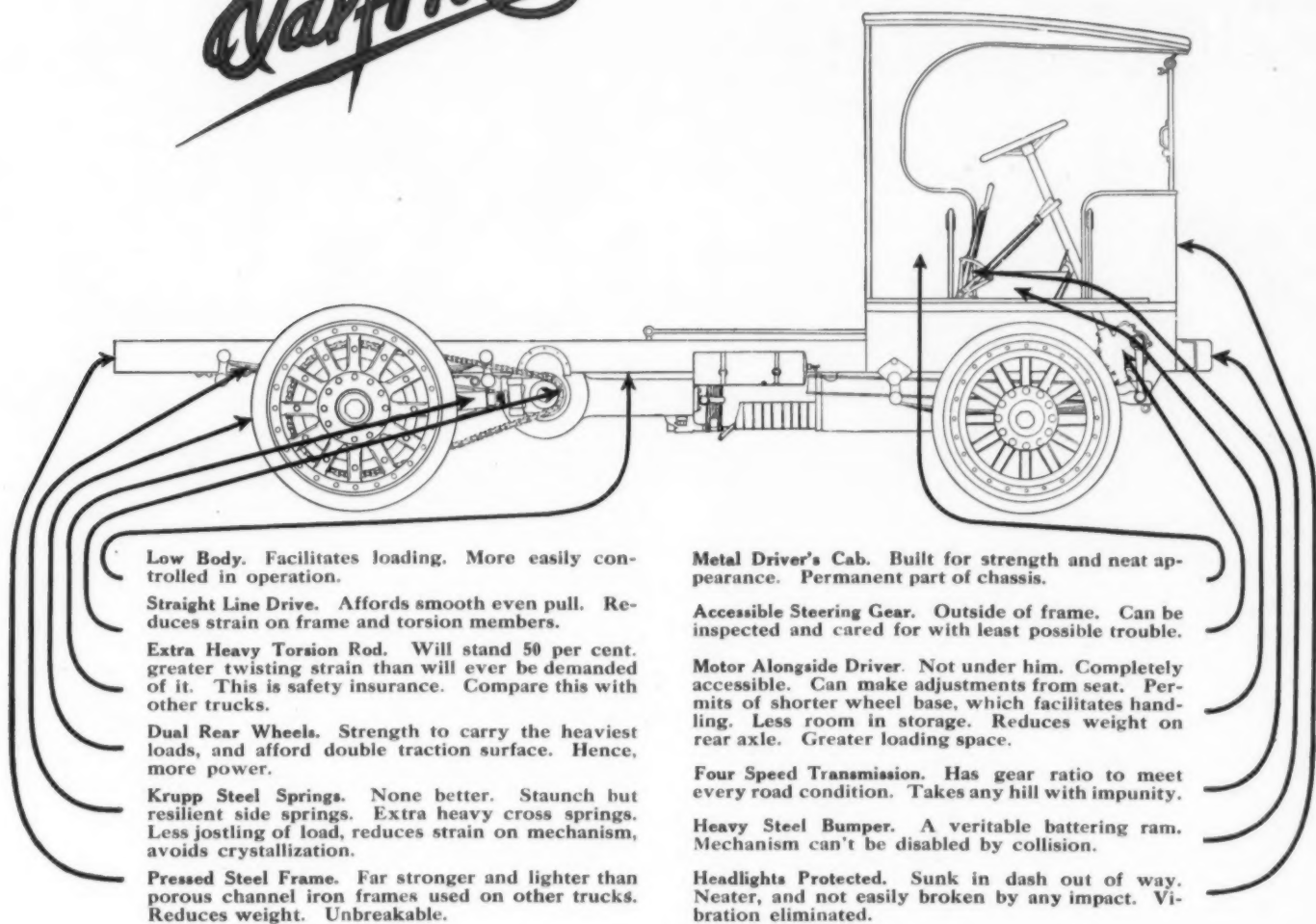
COLLIER'S WEEKLY is one of the chief exponents of the doctrine of the new Progressive party—and one of the most representative and influential. The advanced position taken by COLLIER'S and some other distinguished supporters of the new party borders so closely on Socialism that they would seem to have little ground left upon which to deny their adherence to Debs.—*Fort Scott* (Kas.) *Tribune*.

We look upon Sulzer as of hopelessly flabby fiber.—COLLIER'S.

And what a flabby fiber.—*Syracuse* (N. Y.) *Post*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which often has a healthy way of getting straight at the simplicity of things, analyzes very clearly, in its current issue, the random talk in regard to the supposed domination of Congress by the President.—*Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette*.

Garford



Why This Truck "Delivers"

A TRUCK is no more efficient than its most inefficient part. And unless it proves up sound and substantial under the strain and stain of years of service, you have no way of judging its commercial worth.

The Garford Truck is a ten year development. We were building successful trucks long before most of the present truck manufacturers had even thought of entering the field. Our practical knowledge and mature experience is our greatest asset and your safeguard.

The Garford chassis is scientifically correct. It is not merely a truck made to haul things to and fro. It is built to meet existing conditions, exactly as they are—and to meet them with the utmost economy. That is why it gives five to six miles to a gallon of gasoline and *not* two or three.

Study the analytical diagram above. Every part is constructed and designed for the utmost commercial efficiency. The frame, the axles, the springs, the motor, the steering knuckles, the torsion rod construction, the straight-line

drive,—every individual piece and part is made to cope with today's conditions. That is why the practical Garford "delivers."

Over 65% of our business is "repeat" orders. This is probably the highest percentage of "repeats" any manufacturer can show. It's a tribute.

Garford trucks come in two, three, four, five, and six ton capacities. For larger sizes we advise the famous Garford trailers.

Representative or complete literature and information on request. And it will pay you to investigate.

Please address Dept. 1

The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio

One prominent merchant who has operated practically every make of truck on the market writes.—"The Garford trucks do more work in less time, for less money, than any other make on the market."



To the best of our knowledge no firm, who has once tried the Garford truck, has since bought any other but the Garford. This is significant. Our transportation experts are at your service. Write today.

Daily Output-5 Tons of "Quick Relief"



FROM COUGHS, COLDS
AND THROAT STRAIN

That's the story of the biggest thing of its kind in the world—

LU DEN'S

Menthol
Candy

Cough Drops

"A Wonderful Throat Ease"

This widespread public approval has been won by a product that is pure, a label that is not misleading, and advertising that is truthful—and because Luden's offer *real benefit*. They clear, refresh and invigorate the nasal and throat passages. Luden's Cough Drops often prevent serious colds, relieve coughs, soften the voice, ease throat tickling. Boon to singers, speakers and outdoor workers. *Luden's have a hundred uses.*

Ask for Luden's by name—

at almost any druggist's or confectioner's wherever you may be.

Only 5c.—in the yellow box

WM. H. LUDEN
Manufacturing
Confectioner
Reading, Pa.



Here's the "Rubbers"
You Can't
Forget!

Practical, inexpensive,
never a nuisance and
always on the job.

DRI-FOOT

Waterproofing for Shoes

keeps the feet dry and makes the wearing of rubbers unnecessary. By keeping leather soft and pliable, makes it wear longer. Shoes are never oily and polish as well as ever. Good for black or tan. One or two thorough applications last a season.

Apply it while the weather's fine; then you'll be prepared for rain.

Get it at your shoe dealer's. If he hasn't it, send us his name and we'll supply you. 25 cents for full size can, enough to keep your shoes waterproof for a whole season.

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., 482 Broad St., Phillipsburg, N. J.

25c
full size can
35c in Canada

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings—we guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically.

Certain-teed Roofing

Rolls Shingles

When ready roofing was first put on the market, the public demanded that it must prove its value by actual wear on the roof. *Certain-teed* Roofing has stood the test for years—it has made good in all climates and under the most severe conditions. When artistically laid it makes a roof you can well be proud of. You can't tell how long roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure the *Certain-teed* Quality Label is on each roll.

Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

E. St. Louis, Ill.

York, Pa.

Marseilles, Ill.



Breaking up the Bunch

(Continued from page 17)

thumb and forefinger—mute condemnation of her technique.

"Are you begging for a beating?" asked Gifford tensely. "Take your muddy paws off that drawing and don't touch anything on her desk again!"

"Ray!" came a strained, falsetto cheer from Nerney and Tholander. Gifford flushed and bent low over his drawing board. Elmer saved his face by dropping the drawing and shaking his hands violently—as though his fingers had been burned.

ONE morning Nerney found the girl hard at work when he came in. "Mr. Nerney," she called. "Tell me something?"

"Delighted—what shall it be?" he laughed.

"Before I came here didn't you boys work with your coats off?"

"Why—er—er," he stammered.

"You did, I know. Please don't bother about me—I don't want you to think me a nuisance—"

"Oh, now," Nerney protested, but she interrupted.

"I used to work in the 'Chronicle' art department and I know how it is—please don't mind me at all."

"Oh, well, if you insist," said Nerney. Both laughed merrily and he hung his coat in the closet.

GIFFORD and Tholander came in together.

"Miss Percyfield has kindly declared an open season for coats," said Nerney. "Let's make the vote of thanks unanimous."

"Here—here!" said Tholander, smiling broadly.

Gifford flushed uncomfortably, but made a deep bow.

"And another thing before the meeting is adjourned," said Miss Percyfield. "I have noticed that you go out into the hall and sit on the stairs when you smoke. Why don't you smoke in here?"

"Now don't feel obliged to order off the lid if smoking annoys you," said Gifford. "We can get out our masterpieces of advertising art without the inspiration of the weed if you don't like it."

"Nonsense," said the girl, blushing. "I meant to speak about it before. Please smoke all you like, right in here. I don't mind a bit—in fact, I think I like the odor of a good, house-broke pipe. I know you must want to smoke while you work—all artists do."

That settled it for Gifford. He forgot the puffs and the stage name—dismissed his indictments immediately.

"A thousand of those thanks for your generosity, kind lady," he said. "If you want an ignorant but industrious slave some day you will find my name at the head of the list."

THE girl laughed happily.

"If you will give me a criticism on my work now and then I will appreciate it."

"Any time—day or night," he assured her.

The ice of repression thawed rapidly—at last the bunch was restored to its former standing—but now there was a new member—three guesses. Gradually the men resumed the old-time bantering spirit.

To their surprise and delight they found that Miss Percyfield had an appreciative ear for their stories, and her low, rippling laugh rewarded every jest and impersonation. Soon she learned to join them in chanting "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "The Anvil Chorus"—as the occasion demanded. And, withal, it was evident that while she had invaded the working place of men, and was on the best of terms with them, she had sacrificed neither charm nor dignity.

If her fellow workers had been slow to appreciate her wealth of sympathy and understanding, they lost no further time in according her the homage due.

Anxious to atone for his ungenerous attitude, Gifford sought to make amends in every possible way. A huge box of chocolates was delivered to her as a reward for the smoking edict, and almost every day she found fresh flowers on her desk.

He gave her criticisms on her work, and in turn solicited her opinion of his drawings. When she had trouble with a sketch he took up her pencil and deftly brought the refractory figures to submission.

Always he endeavored to help her by posing his hand, arm, or foot—once Uncle Adam was startled to find him posing in Miss Percyfield's hat while she sketched industriously.

BY degrees she came to be the principal figure of the lunch. Birthdays—which hitherto had been permitted to pass by unnoticed—she ferreted out and always headed the little subscription list for a suitable gift for the occasion. Almost every day she brought to the studio dainty slices of fruit cake, a package of homemade candy, or several delicious peaches—for the bunch. Tholander's numerous progeny came to know her by the fascinating toys and games she sent them.

One day, while looking over a file of magazine illustrations, Gifford was delighted to learn that her taste in pictures was similar to his own. And when he brought out several reproductions of Walter Appleton Clark's work she gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Do you like his stuff, too?" asked Gifford.

"I adore it—but what a pity—" She did not finish; an expression of sadness crept over her pretty face. Gifford saw and knew—knew that she felt as he did, that illustration had suffered an irreparable loss when the gifted young artist had died.

"Yes, it was a shame—just when he was in his prime," he said softly.

"I have one of his originals at my home."

"Really? I should like to see it."

"Why don't you call some evening—if you care to?"

"May I? It would be grand," he said.

"When?"

"Most any evening—to-morrow?"

"Fine—I'll be on the job," said Gifford.

Promptly at eight o'clock the following evening he called.

Three hours elapsed. THE light was turned low. In a deep armchair sat Miss Percyfield and Gifford—it can be done. His arm was about her waist—her head rested on his shoulder.

"Do you know, dearie, that I hated you when you first came to the office? I thought that you would break up the bunch."

"Yes?" she said softly. "But, Will, won't it break up the bunch when we marry?"

"We won't worry about that just now," he laughed.

One hour elapsed.

In the hall the farewell ceremonial had been performed—oh, say—a thousand times.

"Now I'm going—really," said Gifford, his hand on the doorknob. He smiled at her, then went back, and—the score was one thousand and ten.

"And do you know, I thought you were using a stage name until I saw it on the doorplate to-night."

"Silly boy," she whispered. "And now I'm to exchange that perfectly nice name for—Gifford. Maybe I won't marry you—just for that."

She ran her fingers through his hair—he looked down at her.

No, he decided—he would never mention his last indictment—indeed, in the fullness of his affection he sought to put her at ease on the subject for all time.

"I love your hair," he said.

"Really, do you? Now go to the door and I'll show you something."

Mystified, he went. She thrust him gently across the threshold, then swung the door almost shut.

"NOW look," she said, and drew several pins from her hair. The large coils of golden tresses came tumbling down about her—reaching well below her waist—enveloping her in a splendid sheen.

"There's so much of it that folks sometimes think it is not all mine," she said. "Good night, boy."

"Here—let me in!" he begged, but the door was firmly closed.

Balboa's Dream Realized

The dream of Balboa is at last to be realized. Exactly 400 years from the date when that great Spanish discoverer crossed the Isthmus of Panama on foot, other men will cross it in ships. That was Balboa's dream—to "cross it in ships." American men, his equal in courage and perseverance, have made his dream come true.

Every patriotic American citizen should esteem it a proud privilege to see this crowning glory of American industry, and see it in the making, as it can never be seen again.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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The Key to Europe

Mrs. Lindstrom

(Concluded from page 18)

curly hair. He was such a sweet little poy." The sobs were winning now. "And he's in jail. But if it wasn't put in the papers for everybody to see—for all the people all over the country to read about it! Some day will laugh and say: 'I told you so.' And—Sharley Lindstrom, eh? Well, I knew it."

"Oh, I can't stand dat. He'll have to go to prison. Don't you tink he's paying enough? And don't you tink I'm paying enough?"

"More—more!" was all that I could say.

After that neither of us spoke for a full minute. The little mother was doing her best to control her sobbing. Presently she said with a smile that was harder on me than the tears: "Excuse me, but he's my poy and I shust couldn't help it. I know you wouldn't print it if you didn't tink you had to. Tank you very much."

SHE was bowing herself out and bravely fighting with her tears. She was just at the door and I was wondering if I might trust my voice, when she said: "Oh, yes, I almost forgot: Mrs. John Langan and little son Frankie spent Labor Day in Galesburg. Tank you very much."

We are told the meek shall inherit the earth, and right there I began to get more idea of their pull than I ever had before.

As she got to the door she turned, her poor hands twisting together: "Oh! Oh! If only you did not haf to—"

"Wait," I motioned her. I had to half feel my way to the composing room. On the foreman's case I found the typewritten story. Gathering it up and tearing the sheets into strips, I hurried back.

"Here—here—here's your story—all of it," and into her trembling hands I crowded it.

After all, when it comes to business ethics there may be a "higher law."

And now all I had to do was to keep the bank from thinking I had knuckled under to them. That looked easy, and altogether I felt all but as happy as little Mrs. Lindstrom herself.

Before Mr. Bryan Lectured So Much

EDITOR COLLIER'S: RICHMOND, VA.

WHEN Mr. Bryan was running for the Presidency for the third time, he visited Montpelier, Vt. The whole town turned out to greet the distinguished visitor. The next day, one of the newspapers had a full account of it, reproducing the picture of Mr. Bryan, and Governor Dillingham, sitting in a carriage, followed by a whole string of carriages in which were seated the entire legislative body which had adjourned in his honor, as well as the members of the City Council; a large procession of citizens followed on foot. I was in the railway station at Brattleboro, waiting for a train, when two men in uniform with caps on labeled "R. M. S." (railway mail service) got hold of the paper.

They were struck with the picture of the great procession, and gazed at the headlines, which read as follows:

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"Charlie, who is this William Jennings Bryan that's creatin' so much excitement at the capital?" The other man put on a serious look, as though he was trying to think, and answered: "I don't know, but the name sounds kind o' familiar! Ain't he the man that was runnin' for some kind of office a few years back?" POLK MILLER.

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to be to Ram Ledge afore that skunk Bradbury."

He patted her arm gently. "Now set ye down whilst we gits off. All right below, chief?" "Sure thing!" "Tell the fire-hand shifts to feed coal into her till she busts, and open her side when I gives ye the double jingle outside'n the Head. Have some coffee'r a bite of suthin', missy?"

SHE had listened to it all, and Peleg's enthusiastic assurances dispelled the mist that had swum before her eyes.

"I dined on shore, thank you; but could I turn in? I'm so tired."

"O' course, missy, this way. Mind them top steps thar! I'd oughta have 'em fixed, drat it. That's right! Now yer down. Here y' are. 'Tain't no swell yacht like yer paw's, an' we don't cal-late on havin' wistors, but seel'n es ye've chartered the ship, so to speak, an' wuz sol on comin', why, ye'll have to do with our rough-an-tumble way o' livin'."

"Oh, but this is perfectly comfortable, Captain Howard. What cheerful blankets!" she laughed.

"Es thar anythin' ye'd keer fur else?" "Nothing now, except to reach Ram Ledge! Good night."

He took the outstretched hand carefully and shook it—also carefully.

"Goodnight, missy. I'll holler when it's time fer breakfast." A few moments later he was back again.

"Missy?" he whispered hoarsely through the door. "I'm damn—a hem—blessed if I kin find the key!"

"Key? What key?"

"O' the door! Key o' the door!"

"I don't want any key. I feel just as safe here as if I was at home!" and her amused laughter filled the blackened old alleyway.

"So y' are! So y' are!"

The girl heard him stomp up the narrow companion; then came the *strut-strut* as the anchor was hove; then the jangle of bells in the engine room; and she went to sleep listening to the soothing *prrr-mm—prrr-mm—prrr-mm* of swiftly turning machinery.

"WHAT'S this old tramp trying to do?" Tom Caxton, keeper of the Ram Ledge Light, asked of his assistant as the *Aaron* bore down on them from the eastward.

"Carry the house away, by the course he's steerin'!" the other grinned.

The two watched as the gray steamer came steadily on, and their wondering astonishment grew as she perceptibly slowed down, swung in an easy circle, came round to a southwestern position under the light, edged close to it, set her engines astern, stopped them and let go her port anchor. She rode to it gently, easily lifting and falling on the ground swell that rolled evenly in from the north.

"One of Bradbury's ships; most likely got a gang on board. They were to come to-day. Her cap'n knows his way all right—all right!"

"Mornin' to ye! Fine day, but a mite cold!" Skipper Peleg shouted from his bridge.

"Was bad last week!" Caxton called back. "Are you Bradbury's outfit come to fix the house?"

"Nix!"

"Who are you then?"

"This here ship y' mean? Oh, she's the *Mooritamp*, but all hands es kinda tired, so I tho't I'd rest up in a snug berth like, 'longside o' you fer a spell," Peleg smiled amiably. "D'ye want any papers?"

There was a moment's silence on the light.

"Say, you can't anchor there! A buildin' crew with lighters are comin' to-day; you're in the way!"

"How d'ye make that out? Thar's heaps o' room all round, ain't thar?"

PELEG'S innocent look of surprise brought tears of laughter to the girl's eyes, but she was hidden behind the "dodger" and Caxton could not see her.

"You damn fool, you're plumb in the only place they can work from! Water's too deep everywhere else!" he whooped.

"Thet so? Wa-al, I'm right glad to hear it! What's safe 'nuff fur them es safe 'nuff fur me! Mr. Timins, stand by to let go yer starboard hook. I'm goin' ahead a mite, and swing her head off so's to git a good spread-out purchase."

"Aye, sir."

"Don't you hear me tellin' you—" Caxton began.

"Dry up, old ker'sene drinker! My head's achin' this mornin' and I hate noise when my head aches! Let go, Mr. Timins!"

"Madder'n he—ah—sixty, ain't he, missy?" Chuckling with delight, Peleg leaned over the crouching girl: "Jest hold on! Thar'll be some fun dirreckly! Now, Mr. Timins, I'm goin' ter give her a kick astern. Slack away 'bout sixty faddoms and stand by aft to leggo the two heaviest stock anch'rs. Soon's they're gone sing out and we'll leave her ahead till she's tried up fair an' taut all 'round! How's thet?" (to the girl).

It was done, and the *Aaron* lay neatly and securely moored "Jist ex-actly whar I want her!" as Peleg put it. Caxton saw that it was no use bellowing any more.

"You'll catch merry hell when Bradbury gets here!" he whooped as a parting shot.

"Come 'board and have a drink; mah-be ye'll git better 'sat'fied!"

THE mornings passed quickly. Peleg and Thad vyin' with each other in showing the girl over the *Aaron*, and lovingly pointing out the wonders of her engine room and the bunkers' astounding capacity.

"There's a big tug and two lighters comin', sir!" the mate said through the little saloon skylight.

They tumbled up to the deck; three o'clock of a lowering November afternoon. The horizon was waxen-hued and misty, and a light cold wind from the north breathed a promise of something stronger soon.

"That's them!" Peleg announced after a prolonged squint through his battered telescope. "Now fur squalls!"

A mile away, a long black smudge trailing from her tall funnel, the powerful tug forged ahead, dragging two lighters. From the first one a huge derrick spar stuck up, jiggling drunkenly against the gray skies as the lighter wallowed on. The second had a house on it aft, and was cluttered forward with shoring beams, concrete blocks, and tackles of all kinds.

"Some fit-out, thet es!" Chief Thad remarked, "and there's more comin' by the smoke yonder."

The tug, on whose funnel a B was broadly painted, cast the lighters off and steamed close up to the *Aaron*.

"What in blazes ye doin' there?" the bewhiskered individual in her pilot house sang out.

"Fishin'!" Peleg answered laconically.

"Yer loony! That's what! What ye fishin' fur, seel'n 's a crazy feller's got to be hummored?"

"Suckers!" Peleg bawled at the top of his lungs. He seized the girl by the hand, dragged her into the companion-way. "Run 'long down fur a spell, missy; thar's goin' ter be langwidge flyin' thar ain't good fur ye t' hear. That feller 'lows he kin beat me jawin' and sich, but I guess nix!"

"Please, I don't—"

But through the door that he quickly closed after him she heard a few strange words; the fact that they were strange decided her to stay below.

FOR the next half hour the flow of epithets that shuttled from tug to steamer and back would have gladdened the hearts of the mates of "square-rigger" days. All hands from the engine room and forward were on deck and helped fill in the gaps when Peleg's breath failed him. At last he was so hoarse that he could barely whisper; his opponent had given up minutes before. In the excitement the arrival of a rakish black steam yacht was not noticed.

"Here's th' boss himself! Now will—" The rest was lost in an inarticulate croak as the tug drew ahead in answer to the yacht's insistent tootings.

Skipper Peleg, refreshed by a stiff drink, advanced again to the fray.

Instead of giving verbal battle, however, a launch was smartly lowered and a tall man got in. It came swiftly to the *Aaron*'s side.

"See here, my man, you will have to move. I am Mr. Bradbury, in charge of the work to be done on the light and I cannot be delayed."

"Come 'board and we'll talk," Peleg said graciously.

"My Lord, what a beast of a ship!" Bradbury ejaculated as he gingerly dusted his hands; then: "Now, speak sharp, I'm in a hurry!" he said peremptorily.

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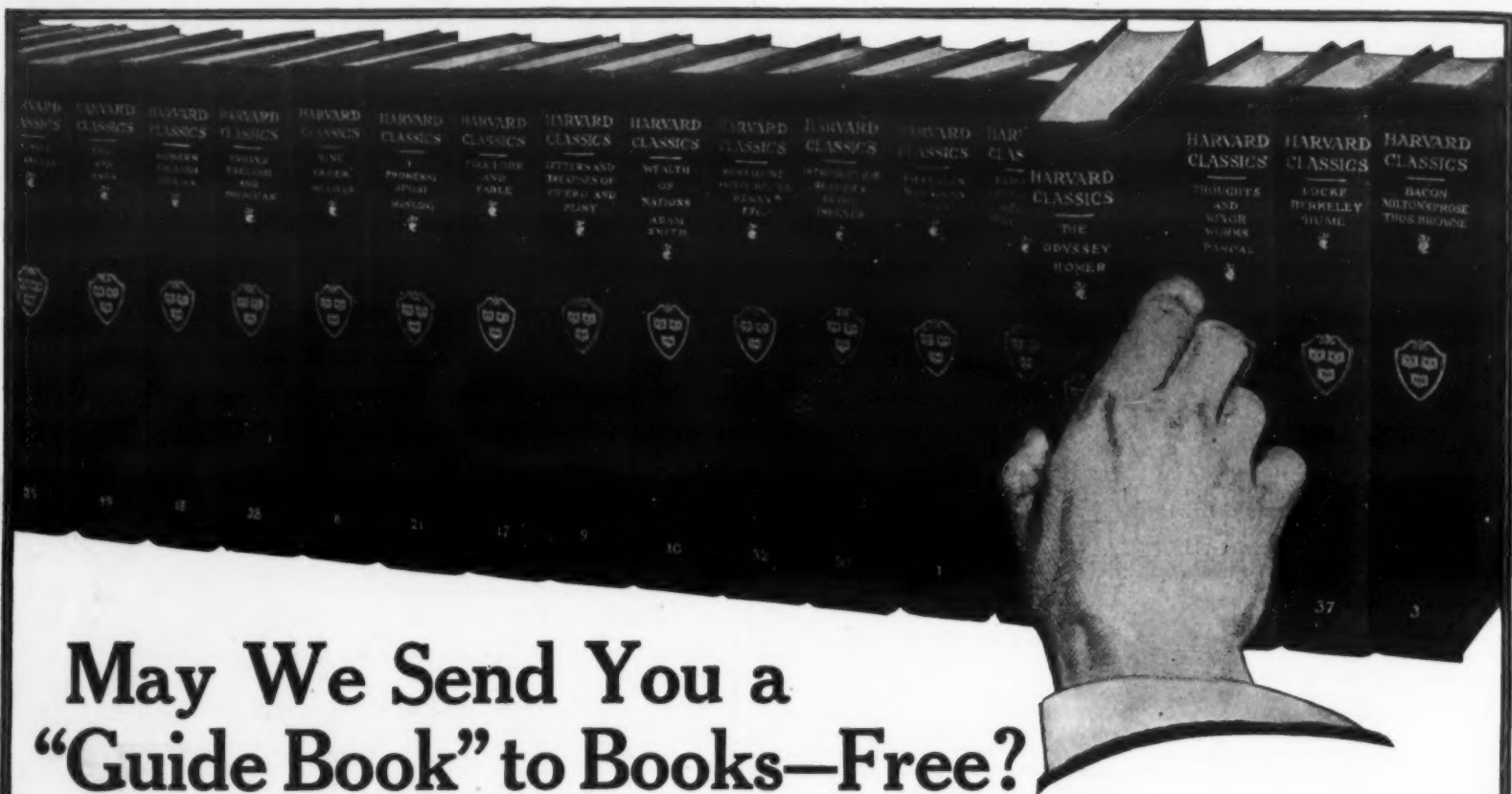
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"Tell the boys to git some of them old Winchesters we got hung up with in the Red Sea!" Peleg whispered to the chief. Thad nodded and slipped aft.

With studied nonchalance the skipper stared Bradbury up and down.

"I didn't git the last of what ye said!"

"H-u-r-r-y, hurry! Can't you hear?"

"Oh, yes, I kin hear, Mister Bradbury; yes, I kin—hear," his voice drawled off irritatingly as he gazed over the heaving waters.

"The man's mad!"

BRADBURY stepped up and shook Peleg's arm. The skipper wheeled with such suddenness that the yachtsman careened halfway to the bridge ladder.

"Why, damn your impudence, I will—"

"Go on, say it! Whu'll ye do?"

Bradbury, notwithstanding his size, did not like the expression in the hard, glittering blue eyes.

"Are you or are you not going to move?" he snapped.

"Sence ye ask a fair question I'll give ye a fair answer: No!"

"Why not?"

"Cause I can't."

"Oh! broken down? I'll tow—"

"I ain't broke down, and ye ain't goin' to tow me!"

Bradbury was furious. Never in his life had he been so browbeaten, and his pride was hurt because he knew that his launch crew had heard every word.

"Look-y here, Bradbury," Peleg said, "thar's no use in tryin' to git round the thing. I'm on time charter to stay here fur a month—one hol month; thet gits ye whar the hide's tender, don't it?—and, by Jupe, here I stays. So call off yer tug and light'rs and skedaddle, 'cause the glass es a-fallin' and it's goin' ter blow lively t'night."

"You—you old ass, if you are not out of here in an hour I'll have a gang of fifty men that are on that lighter put you out! I know the game now! My esteemed friend, Mr. Fairbanks, is at the bottom of this. Nice dirty work it is!"

"He ain't nei—" Peleg began.

"I can assure you, Mr. Bradbury, that Mr. Fairbanks knows nothing about it!"

THE girl stepped quietly on deck as she spoke, and Peleg muttered "By Jupe" under his breath.

"Miss Ogden!" Bradbury took off his cap gracefully. "What in the world are you doing on such a filthy craft as this? You have been wrecked! Of course you will come on board—"

"I have not been wrecked, and this 'filthy craft,' as you call it, is in my employ for a month; longer if necessary."

"Go it, missy," Peleg breathed.

"I do not—I cannot understand."

"I know how and why you were given the Ram Ledge contract," she continued evenly, looking squarely at him ("straight es a lead line!" so Peleg described the scene to Thad afterward), "and being in rather an artistic mood, I decided that I would charter this 'dirty craft' and come here to sketch and—rest."

The scowl on Bradbury's face deepened as he listened. "I was not aware that Mr. Fairbanks had so able an ally," he said ironically. "But work, after all, is work, especially when one is in the Government's employ, and I am afraid that I must insist on your removing your chartered—nondescript."

"And if I refuse?"

Her voice quivered with anger.

"Then I shall be forced to move you, and—a smile that he intended to be a humorous one crossed his face—"and to let you go on your way unmolested."

She looked appealingly at Peleg. He nodded vigorously behind the other's back.

"You will have to 'move' me by force!"

BRADBURY, shrugging his shoulders, went to the side.

"Launch ahoy! Tell—"

"Say, Bradbury, had'n ye better look 'round afore ye gives orders?"

Peleg leaned carelessly against the rail.

Bradbury turned.

Thirty-odd men grinned at him, and as many rifles were in their hands. He hesitated.

"This is piracy! This is—"

"Tain't nuthin' of the kind, Bradbury," Peleg drawled. "I got the right to anchor here till hell freezes over and skatin's good. If I wants ter! I ain't navegated the Chiny Seas fur nuthin', and I knows a pirut when I sees one!"

Thet's fur why the boys 's got guns, an' kin use 'em. Mister Bradbury, yer a pirut when ye threatens to come 'board my ship—which is my castle, so to speak—an' force me outen here. Try it! I got witnesses 'nuff! Try it!"

"I will report this outrage at Washington!"

"Yep! G'long and do! Tell 'em whose palm ye greased so's to git the contract! Don't furgit that!"

Bradbury lowered himself to the launch. It darted away to the yacht.

THE girl held out her hand.

"Captain Howard, how can I thank you?"

Peleg's hard face relaxed.

"I likes to see fair play," he said slowly. "Thar's some that calls me hard names, and thar's more that calls me wuss, but when a lil' g'rl such es ye asks me to help, thar's on'y one thing to do! And I've done it 's best I could. Sheer off'n thar!" he roared at the yacht's dinghy that was making for the Aaron.

It "sheered."

Slowly the wind grew in strength until it built up monster seas that boomed, and whose tops cracked as the northeast gale whipped them away.

The tug picked up her lighters and scurried before the storm.

And the yacht followed.

"I tol' the sucker 'twuz goin' to blow some!" Peleg said complacently as the girl, the chief engineer, and he sat down for dinner in the dingy little saloon.

"Do you think that he can force us to move, captain?"

His blue eyes looked into her gray ones.

"No, missy, an' he dassent try! His contract es broke!"

And it was.

A WEEK later Peleg put her ashore and told her where to catch the country stage for the station.

"I'll stick thar, missy, until I'm sartin he can't start no work! Goo-by."

"When you come to New York, you know where to find me. Not 'good-by,' captain, just 'to our next meeting,' and good luck."

There was nothing in sight but sand hills, and beyond them a ridge of stunted pines that jutted over the sky line.

He watched her figure as it became smaller and smaller on the sandy road until it disappeared beneath the pines.

Then he shoved the dory off the beach, clambered in, and pulled with steady swinging strokes for the Aaron, whose riding light twinkled at the southwest point of Ram Ledge.

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The A-B-C of the Collier-Westfield Standard

An Index of Food Adulterations

This alphabetical list presents, in brief form, many of the adulterations found in food. Some of these are found infrequently as for example fluorin, sucrate of calcium; others frequently as sulphur dioxide or benzoate of soda; others are forbidden by the Federal law, such as salts of copper and saccharine; others are permitted by the Federal law, such as the use of compounds of sulphur, or benzoate of sodium. While the list is not entirely complete, yet it intends to give a general survey of the principal food adulterants as are now found upon the American market.

Allspice (see spices)
 Apples (canned)
 Apples (evaporated)
 Water in excess of 14 per cent.
 Sulphur fumes used in bleaching.
 Apricots (evaporated)
 Sulphur fumes used in bleaching.
 Asparagus
 Compound of fluorine used as a preservative.
 Bacon
 Baking Powders
 Alum—a cheap source of acid to act on the soda.
 Beans (baked)
 Sometimes the word "Baked" misapplied to boiled or steamed beans.
 Beef (canned)
 Refuse, gristle, debris.
 Beef (sliced)
 Beets
 Beverages
 Saccharine—a cheap and dangerous substitute for sugar.
 Ethers for flavoring—Strawberry, Raspberry, etc.
 Coal tar dyes for disguising, or making the product resemble true article.
 Benzoate of sodium.
 Salicylic acid.
 Calcium bi-sulphid and alcohol for preserving.
 Caffeine for imparting exhilarating or stimulating effects.
 Biscuits
 Rotten eggs distinguished with difficulty in the finished product.
 Coal tar dye for giving yellow or other color.
 Ether flavors.
 Bouillon
 Bouillon Cubes
 Breakfast Foods
 Butter
 Oleomargarine of equal food value substituted.
 Water in excess of 12 per cent.
 Borax for preserving.

Cane Syrup
 Glucose of equal food value, though much cheaper, often substituted.
 Candles
 Coal tar dye.
 Saccharine for sweetening instead of sugar.
 Shellac as a covering to keep out moisture, often contaminated with arsenic as an accidental impurity.
 Glue instead of gelatine for cheapness.
 Ethers for flavoring, i.e. banana, peach, etc.
 Cakes (see biscuits)
 Catsup (tomato)
 Partially decayed pulp containing yeast spores and mold filaments; preserved with benzoate of sodium or other preservatives lacking both food and condimental value.
 Cereal filler, as starch or flour, to give body.
 Acetic acid used instead of vinegar.
 Celery Salt
 Cheese
 Robbed of fat, skimmed milk, lard, or other fats, substituted.
 Borax for preserving.
 Chewing Gum
 Dirt, dead insects and the like, all accidental impurities.
 Chili Sauce (see catsup)
 Chilled Con Carne
 Chipped Beef
 Chocolate
 Cider
 Salicylic acid and benzoate of sodium used as preservatives.
 Clams
 Misbranding, ordinary soft variety sometimes called "Little Neck."
 Cocoa
 Starch to increase bulk.
 Excessive alkali to mix more readily with water.
 Confectionery (see candies)
 Corn Meal
 Degerminated—valuable food part discarded.
 Corn Starch Syrup
 Sulphurous acid for bleaching and clarifying.
 Cooking Oils and Fats
 Codfish
 Benzoate of sodium for preserving.
 Substitution of other fish for cod.
 Coffee
 Toasted cereals, such as wheat, etc., together with chicory to cheapen and give flavor and color.
 Cookies (see biscuits)
 Condensed Milk
 Skimming of the raw milk before condensing.

Condiments
 Corn, Canned
 Excessive water, little solid matter.
 Sugar added to frost bitten or inferior material.
 Corn (dried)
 Crackers (see biscuits)
 Crabs (canned)
 Cream of Tartar
 Tartaric acid } both cheaper than cream of
 Calcium tartrate } tartar.
 Currants
 Stones } accidental.
 Dirt }
 Dates
 Dirt—accidental.
 Desserts
 Artificial flavors of the other variety, as "Strawberry," "Cherry," "Raspberry," etc.
 Coal tar dye for coloring.
 Benzoate of sodium for preserving.
 Dried Beef
 Dried Fruit
 Sulphurous acid for bleaching.
 Fruit thus treated will absorb much more water than without the use of sulphur. Generally applied by burning sulphur.
 Eggs
 Formaldehyde as preservative, decomposed eggs broken, disinfected and sold as edible.
 Essences
 Ether flavors.
 Coal tar dye for colors.
 Extracts
 Coumarin and vanillin cheaper and ranker than pure vanilla.
 Nitrobenzol cheaper than oil of almonds.
 Citral cheaper than lemon oil.
 Figs
 Dirt, accidental.
 Sulphur to bleach.
 Fish (canned)
 Fish (pickled)
 Fish (smoked)
 Fish, Salt (see codfish)
 Flour
 Demineralized—natural wheat contains about 1.7 per cent of mineral matter. Practically all of this is removed by the modern process of making "high patent" flour.
 Bleached, inferior flour rendered saleable at a higher price.
 Fruits (green)
 Sulphured, to hasten nature's process of ripening.

What is the "Collier-

Much has been said and printed during the past year in which references have been made to the "Westfield Standard," or, as it has more commonly been designated "The Collier-Westfield Standard".

For the first time we publish above a complete classified index of adulterations, which have kept many foods and beverages out of the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, and from the advertising pages of Collier's Weekly.

"The Collier-Westfield Standard", as outlined, is more rigid than the United States Government prescribes and excludes preservatives, colors, flavors, bleaching compounds, fillers, etc., etc., that our lax Federal Food Law still tolerates. For example, jams and preserves made from apple stock as a cheap filler, colored with coal tar dye, preserved with benzoate of soda, and oftentimes without the name of the packer or distributor who is responsible for the product. Pickles and baking powder containing an admitted and generous dose of alum, flavoring extracts made from ethers, catsups embalmed with benzoate of soda, in varying degrees, colored with coal tar dyes, with pumpkin as a cheap filler in place of tomato pulp.



The food products and beverages shown on these pages are among every requirement of the "Collier-Westfield Standard"

Gelatine Sulphur dioxide to bleach. Objectionable bacteria, a sure sign of filth.	Molasses Glucose, Sulphur dioxide to bleach and salts of tin.	Sausage Water and cereal added to increase weight. Preserved with benzoate of soda or sulphite of sodium. "Smoked" varieties sometimes painted with pyroligneous acid and dyed with coal tar dye.
Ginger Ale Capsicum, to increase pungency.	Mushrooms Sulphur dioxide to bleach.	Sauer Kraut
Grape Juice Water (to increase bulk and give body. Sugar (Pure juice alone should be bottled.)	Mustard Turmeric to color. (prepared)	Soups
Ham (canned)	Noodles (see macaroni)	Soft Drinks (see beverages)
Hominy	Nuts	Spices The essential oils are sometimes extracted and the remainder, which is practically flavored saw dust, sold for the genuine article. Sometimes spice alleged to grow in one locality is sold for spice growing in another locality.
Honey Comb variety not adulterated. Strained samples sometimes mixed with glucose to increase bulk.	Nutmeg	Spinach
Horseradish Addition of other vegetables, as potato, sweet turnip, etc., to increase bulk and lower the price.	Oatmeal (canned)	Squash
Jams Coal tar dye to deceive as to color. Benzoate of soda as a preservative. Formic acid (to preserve, to take place Tartaric acid of proper sterilization. Phosphoric acid of proper sterilization. Glucose and apple juice to increase bulk and lower price.	Olives	Starch
Jellies (see jams)	Olive Oil Foreign oils as cottonseed, peanut, sesame, and the like are sometimes mixed with or substituted for.	Strawberries
Jelly Powder (see desserts)	Oleomargarine	Succatash
Lard Tallow and cottonseed oil products substituted in part because of lower price. Food value not seriously affected. Cottonseed oil products of good food value sometimes called "Compound lard."	Onion Salt Starch is sometimes added as a filler.	Sugar (canned)
Lemon Juice Sulphurous acid to preserve. Water.	Oranges Green fruit artificially "ripened" by use of sulphur fumes.	Sweet Potatoes
Lobster	Oysters Soaked in water to cause plumpness.	Syrup (see maple syrup)
Lime Juice Sulphurous acid. Water. Coal tar dye to deceive. Calcium bi-sulphite to preserve.	Oyster Cocktail Sauce (see chili sauce or catsup)	Tapiooca
Macaroni Coal tar dye to give appearance of egg color.	Peaches (evaporated) (see apricots or apples)	Teas
Mace	Peanut Butter	Tomatoes (canned)
Malted Milk	Peanuts (canned)	Tomatoes Sauce (see catsup)
Maple Syrup Cane syrup as cheaper adulterant.	Peas An excess of water, sugar added to inferior stock. Dried peas are sometimes soaked and sold as the fresh canned article. (Sulphate of copper used in some imported peas; law now forbids their importation.)	Tabasco Sauce
Maple Sugar	Pepper	Tuna
Meat Extract	Pepper Sauce (see relishes)	Vegetables Sulphate of copper is added to some foreign varieties as peas, string beans, Brussels sprouts and the like, to give a vivid green color. The sale of coppered vegetables is forbidden in the United States. Sometimes salts of tin are dissolved from the can and may constitute adulteration.
Meats (boned)	Pickles (see relishes)	Vegetable Extracts (see macaroni)
Meats (smoked)	Pimentos (canned)	Vermicelli (see macaroni)
Meats (corned)	Pineapples (canned)	Vinegar Water added to increase the bulk. Acetic acid substituted.
Meats (dried)	Pineapple Juice	Artificial color to give the appearance of the genuine article. So-called "Apple" jelly sometimes added to increase the amount of solid matter required by law.
Milk Water. Skimming. Formaldehyde. Bi-carbonate of soda (to preserve. Borax. Calcium succinate. Dirty production.	Plum Pudding	Wheat Flour (whole) Ordinary flour mixed with bran substituted for the whole wheat meal.
Milk Skimmed. (condensed)	Pork and Beans (see jams)	Worcestershire The genuine article often imitated, and these imitations sweetened with saccharine.
Mince Glucose to add to bulk and to keep moist.	Preserves	Yeast Cakes
	Prunes "Silver" variety bleached with sulphur.	
	Pumpkin (canned)	
	Raisins "Light yellow" variety bleached with sulphur.	
	Relishes Alum sometimes added to give crispness. Sweetened with saccharine and preserved with benzoate of soda.	
	Rhubarb	
	Rolls	
	Rye Flour	
	Salmon	
	Sago	
	Salad Dressing Coal tar dyed to improve color, preserved with benzoate of soda.	
	Salad Oil	
	Saratoga Chips	
	Sardines Other fish substituted.	
	Sauces Sweetened with saccharine.	

Westfield Standard?"

Some makers state the contents of these concoctions on the label and some—do not. Products are sold that do not "own up" to a maker, distributor or seller whom the food buyer may look to for responsibility.

And such are the workings of our Federal Food Laws!

Establish laws on foods in your home from the "Collier-Westfield Standard of Purity and Nutrition".

Avoid the useless and dangerous drugs and chemicals listed in the index on these pages.

Use The Westfield Book of Pure Foods as a buying guide in your home and avoid the taint of questionable preservatives, flavors, colors, etc., etc., that are still allowed to flourish with government approval.

Ten cents in stamps or silver mailed to The Board of Health of "The Pure Food Town" will bring into your home the same measure of protection that this splendid work has brought to the citizens of Westfield, Mass.



**The Westfield
Book of Pure Foods**



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—are pure—high grade—and of recognized food value.



Carnation Milk will improve the quality and flavor of your Saturday baking

When baking for the family or "Sunday company" use Carnation Milk. It will give everything a rich butter and cream flavor.

By using Carnation Milk and *less* butter everything you bake will be lighter, more delicious and *less expensive*.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Biscuit, bread, doughnuts, pancakes and all cooked foods are deliciously light and wholesome when Carnation Milk is used in place of raw milk. Use Carnation Milk right from the can, just as you would a rich cream. Carnation Milk, when diluted with water to the consistency of ordinary milk, is still a whole milk, rich in butter fat—wholesome, delicious.

Carnation Jumble Recipe—Two cups sugar; $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups butter; 3 eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation Milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water; 1 teaspoon vanilla; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt; 4 teaspoons baking powder; 5 to 6 cups flour. Mix ingredients in order given, sifting baking powder and salt with first 4 cups of flour. Add as much more flour (1 or 2 cups) as may be needed to make dough stiff enough to roll thin without sticking. Roll as thin as possible, cut out with doughnut cutter, brush over tops with clear Carnation Milk, then sprinkle well with sugar and bake in a quick oven until lightly browned. A piece of sheet iron, cut to fit oven, is best for baking cookies.

Baked Custard Recipe—Two eggs, beaten light; 3 tablespoons sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ can Carnation Milk diluted with same quantity water; pour into buttered pan and grate nutmeg over top. Set in a larger pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven. Insert a clean knife blade and when it comes out clean, custard is done. Watch closely to avoid cooking too much. Serve ice cold.

Carnation Milk comes to you sealed—clean, sweet, pure, always ready for instant use.

Vegetables, especially peas, string beans, asparagus, cauliflower, onions, corn and "creamed" dishes of all kinds, including cream gravies are *more* delicious and *less expensive* when made with Carnation Milk.

Ask your grocer to give you a Carnation Cooking Recipe Book, FREE. It contains a number of recipes for really tasty dishes.

Order CARNATION Milk—accept no substitutes—at all grocers.

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